

Accessions

149.606

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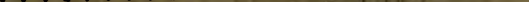
548 M. (T.) Mad World my Masters, as it hath bin often Acted
May 21. 1857. 321. the Private House in Salisbury Court .

548

4)

A Comedy.

As it hath bin often Acted
at the Private House in *Salisbury*
Court, by her Majesties
Servants.



Composed by T. M. Gent.

[illegible]

LONDON:

Printed for J. S. and are to be sold
by *James Becket*, at his Shop in
the inner Temple Gate.

1640.

3671

149.606

May, 1873

Count by the Minister

For the

Count by the Minister

LONDON

Printed for A. S. and are to be sold
by James Barker, at his shop in
the inner Temple Lane.

1873



The Printer and Sta- tioner to the Gentle *READER.*

Courteous Reader, let
not the Title or Name
of this Comedy be any
fore-stalling, or a weak-
ning of the worthy Authors Judge-
ment, whose knowne Abilities will
survive to all Posterities, though hee
be long since dead. I hope the Rea-
ding thereof shall not prove distaste-
full unto any in particular, nor hurt-

full unto any in generall; but I rather trust that the Language and the plot which you shall find in each Scene, shall rather be commended & applauded, than any way derided or scorned. In the action, which is the life of a Comedy, and the glory of the Author, it hath bin sufficiently expressed, to the liking of the Spectators, and commendations of the Actors; who have set it forth in such lively colours, and to the meaning of the Gentleman that true penn'd it, that I dare say few can excell them, though some may equall them. In the reading of one *Act* you ghesse the consequence, for here is no bumbasted or fustian stuffe; but every line weighed as with ballance; & every sentence placed with judgement and deliberation. All that you can find in
the

To the Courteous Reader.

the perusall, I will give you notice of before hand, to prevent a censure that may arise in thy reading of this Comedy; as also for the excuse of the *Author*; and that is this: here & there you shall find some lines that doe answer in meetre, which I hope will not prove so disdainefull, whereby the booke may be so much slighted, as not to be read; or the *Authors* judgement undervalued as of no worth. Consider (gentle Reader) it is full twenty yeares since it was written, at which time meetre was most in use, and shewed well upon the conclusion of every Act & Scene. My prevalent hope desires thy charitable censure, and thereby drawes me to be

Thy immutable friend.

I. S.



The Actors in the Comedy.

S*ir Bounteous Progresse* an old rich Knight.

Richard Folly-wit, Nephew to

Sir Bounteous Progresse.

Master Penitent Brothell, a Country gentleman.

Maw-worme a Lieutenant,

Hobby an Ancient,

} *Comrades to Folly-wit*.

Master Inesse,

Master Possibility, } *Two Brothers*.

Master Harebraine, a Citizen.

Gum-water *Sir Bounteous* man.

Iasper *master Penitents* man.

Ralph *master Harebraines* man.

Two Knights.

One Constable.

A Succubus.

Watch-men.

A Foot-man.

An old Centlewoman, and mother to the

Curtizan.

Mistris Harebraine, the Citizens wife.

Franke Gulman, the *Curtizan*.

Attendants.

A mad



A
Mad World my
MASTERS.

*Enter Dicke Folly-wit, and his consorts, Lieftenant
Maw-worme, Antient Hoboy, and
others his Comrades.*

Lieft.



Captaine, Regent, Principall,
Ancr. What shall I call thee? -
The Noble sparke of bounty;
The life-blood of Society.

Folly-w. Call me your Fore-cast, you
whorefons, when you come drunke out of
a Taverne, 'tis I must cast your plots into
for me still; 'tis I must manage the Pranke, or Ile not give a
louse for the proceeding: I must let fly my civill fortunes,
turne wild-braine, lay my wits upo' th Tenters, you raskals,
to maintaine a company of villaines, whom I love in my
very soule and conscience.

Lieft. A ha, our little fore-cast.

B

Folly-w.

A Mad World

Folly-w. Hang you, you have bewitcht me among you, I was as well given til I fell to be wicked, my Grandfire had hope of me, I went all in blacke, swore but a Sundaies, never came home drunke, but upon fasting nights to cleanse my stomacke; slid now I'me quite altered, blowne into light colours, let out oathes by'th minute, sit up late till it be early, drinke drunke till I am sober, sinke downe dead in a Taverne, and rise in a Tobacco-shop: here's a transformation: I was wont yet to pitie the simple, and leave 'em some mony: slid, now I gull 'em without conscience; I goe without order, sweare without number, gull without mercy, and drinke without measure.

Lieft. I deny the last, for if you drinke nere so much, you drinke within measure.

Folly-w. How prove you that sir?

Lieft. Because the Drawers never fill their pots.

Folly-w. Masse that was well found out, all Drunkards may lawfully say, they drinke within measure by that tricke; and now I'me put i'th mind of a tricke, you can keepe your countenance villaines? yet I am a foole to aske that, for how can they keepe their countenance that have lost their credits?

Anti. I warrant you for blushing Captaine.

Folly-w. I easily beleeeve that *Antient*, for thou hast lost thy colours once; Nay faith as for blushing, I thinke there's grace little enough among you all, 'tis Lent in your cheekes, the flag's downe; well, your blushing face I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing face, unlesse you had more mony in your purses: then thus compendiously now, you all know the possibillities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humour of my frolike Grandfire, Sir *Baunteous Progresse*; whose deaths make all possible to me: I shall have all, when hee has nothing; but now he has all, I shall have nothing: I thinke one mind runnes through a million of 'em; they love to keepe us sober all the while the're alive, that when the're dead wee may drinke

rinke to their healths; they cannot abide to see us merry all the while the're above ground; and that makes so many laugh at their fathers funeralls; I know my Grandfire has his Will in a Boxe, and has bequeath'd all to mee, when hee can carry nothing away; but stood I in neede of poore ten pounds now, by his will I should hang my selfe e're I should get it, there's no such word in his Will I warrant you, nor no such thought in his mind.

Lieft. You may build upon that Captaine.

Folly-w. Then since hee has no good will to doe mee good as long as hee lives; by mine owne will, Ile doe my selfe good before hee dyes, and now I arrive at the purpose. You are not ignorant I'm sure, you true and necessary implements of mischief; first, that my Grandfire Sir *Bounteous Progresse* is a Knight of thousands; and therefore no Knight since one thousand sixe hundred: next, that hee keeps a house like his name *Bounteous*, open for all commers: thirdly and lastly, that hee stands much upon the glory of his complement, variety of entertainment, together with the largeness of his Kitchin, longitude of his Buttery, and fecundity of his Larder, and thinkes himselfe never happier then when some stiffe L. or great Countesse alights, to make light his dishes: these being well mixt together, may give my project better encouragement, and make my purpose spring forth more fortunate: to be short, and cut off a great deale of durty way; Ile downe to my Grandfire like a L.

Lieft. How Captaine?

Folly-w. A French ruffe, a thinn beard, and a strong perfume will doo't: I can hire blew coates for you all by *Westminster* Clocke, and that colour will bee soonest beleaved.

Lieft. But prethee Captaine?

Folly-w. Push, I reach past your fadomes; you desire Crownes.

Lieft. From the Crowne of our Head, to the sole of

A mad World

out foot bully.

Folly-w. Why carry yourselves but probably, and carry away enough with your selves.

Enter Master Penitent Brothel.

Anci. Why there spoke a *Romane* Captaine, *M. Penitent Brothel.*

M. Pen. Sweet *M. Folly-wit.*

Exit.

Here's a mad-braine a'th first, whose pranks scorne to have presidents; to be second to any; or walke beneath any: mad-caps inventions, has plaid more trickes then the the Cardes can allow a man, and of the last stampe too, hating imitation, a fellow whose onely glory is to be prime of the company; to be sure of which, he maintaines al the rest: he's the Carrion, and they the Kytes that gore upon him.

But why in others doe I checke wild passions,

And retaine deadly follies in my selfe?

I taxe his youth of common receiv'd riot,

Times Comicke flashes, and the fruits of blood;

And in my selfe sooth up adulterous motions,

And such an appetite that I know dams me;

Yet willingly embrace it, love to *Hapebraines* wife,

Over whose houres and pleasures her sicke husband

With a fantasticke but deserv'd suspect,

Bestowes his serious time in watch and ward;

And therefore I'me constrain'd to use the meanes

Of one that knowes no meane, a Curtizan,

One poison for another, whom her husband

Without suspition innocently admits

Into her company, who with tried Art

Corrupts and loofens her most constant powers,

Making his jealousy more than halfe a Wittall,

Before his face plotting his owne abuse,

To which himselfe gives ayme.

Enter Curtizan.

Whilst the broad arrow with the forked head

Misses

Misses his brow but narrowly ; see here she comes,
The close *Curtizan*, whose mother is her bawde.

Curtiz. Master *Penitent Brothwell*.

M. Pen. My little pretty Lady *Gull-man*, the newes, the comfort ?

Curtiz. Y'are the fortunate man sir , Knight a'th holland skirt : there wants but opportunity and she's waxe of your owne fashioning, she had wrought her selfe into the forme of your love before my art set finger to her.

M. Pen. Did our affections meete? our thoughts keep time?

Curtiz. So it should seeme by the Musicke, the onely jarre is in the grumbling base Viol her husband.

M. Pen. Oh his waking suspicion !

Curtiz. Sigh not *M. Penitent*, trust the managings of the busines with me, tis for my cred it now to see't well finish't : if I doe you no good sir, you shall give me no mony sir.

M. Pen. I am arriv'd at the Court of conscience ; A *Curtizan* ! O admirable times ! honesty is removed to the Common place. Farewell Lady.

Exit Penitent.

Enter Mother.

Moth. How now daughter ?

Curtiz. What newes Mother ?

Moth. A token from thy Keeper.

Curtiz. Oh from sir *Bounteous Progresse* : hee's my Keeper indeed, but there's many a peice of venison stolne that my Keeper wots not on ; there's no Parke kept so warily, but looses flesh one time or other ; and no woman kept so privately, but may watch advantage to make the best of her pleasure : and in common reason one Keeper cannot bee enough for so proud a Parke as a woman.

Moth. Hold thee there Gifle.

Curt. Feare not me mother.

Moth. Every part of the world shoots up daily into more subtilty : the very Spider weaves her caules with more art
and

and cunning to entrap the sic.

The shallow ploughman can distinguish now,

Twixt simple truth and a dissembling brow.

Your base mechanick fellow can spy out

A weakenes in a L. and learns to floute.

How do'st behoove us then, that live by flight,

To have our wits wound up to their strecht height?

Fifteene times thou know'st I have sold thy maiden-head,

To make up a dowry for thy marriage, and yet

There's maiden-head enough for old Sir Bounteous still,

Heele be all his life time about it yet, and be as far to seek't
when he has done.

The summes that I have told upon thy pillow !

I shall once see those golden daies agen :

Tho' fifteene, all thy maiden-heads are not gone :

The *Italian* is not serv'd yet, nor the *French* :

The *British* men come for a dozen at once,

They ingrosse all the market ; Tut my girle,

Tis nothing but a politicke conveyance ;

A sincere carriage, a religious eye-brow,

That throwes their charmes over the world lings senses ;

And when thou spiest a foole that truly pities

The false springs of thine eyes,

And honourably doates upon thy love,

If he be rich, set him by for a husband ;

Be wisely tempered and learne this my wench,

Who gets th' opinion for a vertuous name :

May sin at pleasure, and nere thinke of shame.

Curiz. Mother, I am too deepe a Scholler growne

To learne my first rules now.

Moth. I will be thine owne, I say no more; peace, harke,

remove thy selfe, oh, the two elder Brothers.

Enter *Inesse*, and Possibility.

Possibi. A faire houre sweet Lady,

Moth.

my Masters.

Moth. Good morrow Gentlemen: Master *Inesse*, and Master *Possibility*.

Ine. Where's the little sweet Lady your daughter?

Moth. Even at her booke sir.

Poss. So religious?

Moth. Tis no new motion sir sh'has tooke it from an infant.

Poss. We may deserve a sight of her, Lady?

Moth. Upon that condition you will promise mee gentlemen, to avoid all prophane talke, wanton Complements, undecent phrases, and lascivious courtings, (which I know my daughter will sooner dye then endure;) I am contented your suits shall bee granted.

Poss. Not a bawdy syllable I protest.

Inesse. Syllable was plac'd there, for indeed your one syllables are your bawdiest words, pricke that downe.

Exeunt.

Enter Master Harebraine.

Hareb. She may make night-work on't, twas well recovered, He Cats and Curtizans strowle most i'th night, Her friend may be receiv'd and convey'd forth, nightly, Ile be at charge for watch and ward, for watch and ward yfaith, and here they come.

Enter two or three Watchmen.

First. Give your Worships good even.

Hareb. Welcome my friends, I must deserve your diligence in an employment serious: the troth is, there is a cunning plot laid, but happily discovered, to robbe my House: the night uncertaine when, but fixt within the circle of this moneth: nor do's this villany consist in numbers: Or many partners, onely some one Shall in the forme of my familiar friend,

Bee

A mad World

Be receiv'd privately into my house,
By some perfidious servant of mine owne,
Addrest fit for the practise.

First. O abominable !

Hareb. If you be faithfull watchmen, shew your goodnes,
And with these Angels shoare up your eye-lids ;
Let me not be purloind, purloind indeed ; the merry *Greekes*
conceive me : there is a Iem I would not loose , Kept by the
Italian under locke and key : we *English-men* are carelesse
creatures : well, I have said enough.

Second. And we will doe enough sir. *Exeunt.*

Hareb. Why well said, watch me a good turne now, so, so, so
Rise villany with the Larke, why 'tis prevented,
Or steal't by with the leather winged Bat :
The evening cannot save it, peace ; Oh Lady *Gulman*, my
wives onely company ! welcome ; & how do's the vertuous
Matron, that good old Gentlewoman thy Mother ? I per-
swade my selfe, if modesty be in the world she has part on't :
a woman of an excellent carriage all her life time , in
Court, City, and Country.

Curtiz. Sha's alwaies carried it well in those places sir ;
witness three bastards a piece : how do's your sweete bed-
fellow sir ? you see I'me her boldest visitant.

Hareb. And welcome sweet Virgin , the onely compani-
on, my soule wishes for her ; I left her within at her Lute,
prethee give her good counsell.

Curtiz. Alas, she needs none sir.

Hareb. Yet, yet, yet, a little of thy instructions will not
come amisse to her.

Curtiz. Ile bestow my labour sir.

Hareb. Doe, labour her prethee ; I have convey'd away
all her wanton Pamphlets, as *Hero* and *Leander*, *Venus* and
Adonis, oh two lushious mary-bone pies for a yong mar-
ried wife, here, here, prethee take the resolution, and read
to her a little.

Curt. Sha's set up her resolution already sir.

Hareb.

my Masters.

Hareb. True, true, and this will confirme it the more, there's a Chapter of Hell, 'tis good to read this cold weather, terrifie her, terrifie her; goe, reade to her the horrible punishments for itching wantonneſſe, the paines allotted for adultery; tell her her thoughts, her very dreames are answerable, say so; rip up the life of a Curtizan, and shew how loathsome 'tis.

Curt. The Gentleman would perswade mee in time to disgrace my selfe, and speake ill of mine owne function.

Exit.

Hareb. This is the course I take, Ile teach the married man
A new selected straine, I admit none
But this pure virgin to her company,
Puh, that's enough; Ile keepe her to her stint,
Ile put her to her pension,
She gets but her allowance, that's bare one,
Few women but have that beside their owne.
Ha, ha, ha; nay Ile put her hard too't.

Enter Wife and Curtizan.

Wife. Faine would I meete the gentleman.

Curt. Push, faine would you meete him, why, you doe
Not take the course.

Hareb. How earnestly she labours her, like a good hol-
some sister of the family, she will prevaile I hope.

Curt. Is that the meanes?

Wife. What is the meanes? I would as gladly to injoy
his sight, imbrace it as the ---

Curt. Shall I have hearing? listen?

Hareb. She's round with her yfaith.

Curt. When husbands in their rancor'st suspicions dwell,
Then 'tis our best Art to dissemble well,
Put but these notes in use, that Ile direct you,
He'll curse himselfe that ere he did suspect you.
Perhaps he will sollicite you, as in triall
To visite such and such, still give deniall.

C

Let

A mad World

Let no perswasions sway you, they are but fetches
Set to betray you; jealousies, slights, and reaches :
Seeme in his sight to indure the sight of no man.
Put by all kisses, till you kisse in common,
Neglect all entertainment, if he bring in
Strangers, keepe you your chamber, be not seene ;
If he chance steale upon you, let him find,
Some booke'lye open 'gainst an unchast mind;
And coted Scriptures, tho for your owne pleasure,
You reade some stirring Pamphlet, and convey it
Under your Skirt, the fittest place to lay it.
This is the course my wench to injoy thy wishes,
Here you performe best, when you most neglect,
The way to daunt, is to out-vie suspect :
Manage these principles, but' with Art and life,
Welcome all Nations, thou'rt an honest wife.

Hareb. She puts it home yfaith, ev'n to the quicke.
From her Elaborate action I reach that,
I must requite this maid; yfaith i' me forgetfull.

Wife. Here Lady, convey my heart unto him in this Jewel,
Against you see me next, you shall perceiue
I have profited; in the meane season tell him
I am a prisoner yet, a' th' masters side : (mee,
My husbands jealousie, that masters him, as he doth master
And as a Keeper that locks prisoners up,
Is himselfe prison'd under his owne Key :
Even so my husband in restraining me,
With the same ward-bars his owne liberty.

Curt. Ile tell him how you wisht it, and Ile weare
My wits to the third pile, but all shall cleere.

Wife. I owe you more then thanke, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.

Curt. Thinke you so Lady? he has small reason for't.

Hareb. What done so soone? away, too't againe, too't
againe, good wench too't againe; leave her not so, where
left you? come.

Curt.

My Masters.

Curt. Faith I am weary sir:
I cannot draw her from her strict opinion,
With all the arguments that sense can frame.

Hareb. No; let me come, Fye wife, you must consent;
what opinion i'th, let's heare?

Curtiz. Fondly and wilfully she retaines that thought,
That every sinne is damb'd.

Hareb. Oh fie, fie, wife! Pea, pea, pea, pea, how have
you lost your time? for shame bee converted: there's
a diabolicall opinion indeed: that you may thinke that
Usury were damb'd: you're a fine merchant yfaith: or
bribery? you know the Law well: or sloth? would some
of the Cleargy heard you yfaith; or pride? you come at
Court: or gluttony? you're not worthy to dine at an
Aldermans Table:

Your onely deadly sin's Adultery,
That villanous ring-worme, womans worst requital;
'Tis onely lechery that's damb'd to'th pit-hole:
Ah, that's an arch offence, beleeeve it squall;
All sinners are veniall but veneriall.

Curtiz. I've said enough to her.

Hareb. And she will be rul'd by you.

Curtiz. Fah.

Hareb. Ile pawne my credit on't: come hither Lady,
I will not altogether rest ingratefull,
Here, weare this Rubie for thy paines and counsell.

Curtiz. It is not so much worth sir, I am a very ill
Counsellor truly.

Hareb. Goe too I say.

Curtiz. Y'are too blame yfaith sir, I shall never deserve it.

Hareb. Thou hast don't already: farewell sweet Virgin,
prethee let's see thee oftner.

Curtiz. Such gifts will soone intreate me.

Exit.

Hareb. Wife, as thou lov'st the quiet of my breast,
Embrace her counsell, yeeld to her advices:
Thou wilt find comfort in 'em in the end,

Amad World

Thou'lt feele an alteration, prethee thinke on't :
mine eyes can scarce refraine.

Wife. Keepe in your dew sir, lest when you would , you
want it.

Hareb. I've pawn'd my credit on't; ah didst thou know,
The sweete fruit once, thou'lt never let it goe.

Wife. 'Tis that I strive to get.

Hareb. And still doe so.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Primus.

Incipit Actus Secundus.

*Enter Sir Bounteous, with
two Knights.*

First,

YOU have beene too much like your name Sir *Boun-*
teous.

Sir Bonn. Oh not so, good Knight, not so; you know my
humour: most welcome good Sir *Andro Polus*, Sir *Agnitaine*
Colemort, most welcome.

Bosh. Thankes good Sir *Bounteous.*

*Exeunt at one
doore.*

At the other, enter in hast a Foot-man.

Foot. Oh, cry your Worship heartily mercy sir.

Sir Bonn. How now linnin Stockins, and threescore
mil a day; whose Foot-man art thou?

Foot.

my Masters.

Foot. Pray can your worship tell me, Hoh, hoh, hoh ; if my L. be come in yet ?

Sir Boun. Thy L. ! what L ?

Foot. My L, *Owe-much* sir.

Sir Boun. My L. *Owe-much* ! I have heard much speech of that L. h'as great acquaintance i'th City ; that L. has been much followed.

Foot. And is still sir ; he wants no company when hee's in *London* : hee's free of the *Mercers* , and there's none of 'em all dare crosse him.

Sir Boun. And they did, hee'd turne over a new leafe with 'em ; hee would make 'em all weary on't i'th end : much fine rumour have I heard of that L. yet had I never the fortune to set eye upon him ; art sure he will alight here *Footman* ? I am affraid thou'rt mistooke.

Foot. Thinkes your Worship so sir ? by your leave sir.

Sir Boun. Puh ; passion of me, *Footman* , why Pumps I say come backe.

Foot. Do's your Worship call ?

Sir Boun. Come hither I say, I am but affraid on't, would it might happen so well : how dost know ? did hee name the house with the great Turret a'th top ?

Foot. No faith did he not sir.

Sir Boun. Come hither I say, did hee speake of a cloth, a gold chamber ?

Foot. Not one word by my troth sir.

Sir Boun. Was there no talke of a faire pare of Org aines, a great gilt candlestick, and a paire of silver snuffers ?

Foot. 'Twere sinne to belye my Lord, I heard no such words sir.

Sir Boun. A pox confine thee ; come againe, puh.

Foot. Your Worship will undoe me sir.

Sir Boun. Was there no speech of a long dining-roome, a huge kitchin, large meate, and a broad dresser board ?

Foot. I have a greater maw to that indeed, an't please your Worship.

A mad World

Sir Bonn. Whom did he name ?

Foot. Why one *Sir Bounteous Progresse.*

Sir Bonn. Ah, a, a ; I am that *Sir Bounteous* you progresse round-about Rascall.

Foot. Laughs, puh---

Sir Bonn. I knew I should have him i'th end, there's not a Lord will misse me, I thanke their good honours ; 'tis a fortune laid upon me, they can scent our their best entertainment, I have a kind of complementall gift given me above ordinary Country Knights, and how soone, 'tis smelt out. I warrant yee, there's not one Knight i'th Sheire able to entertaine a Lord i'th Qu, or a Lady i'th nicke like me ; like me, there's a kind of grace belongs too't ; a kind of Art which naturally slips from me : I know not on't I promise you, 'tis gone before i'me aware on't ; cuds me I forget my selfe, where ---

First. Does your Worship call ?

Sir Bonn. Run sirrah, call in my chiefe gentleman i'th Chaine of gold, expedite ; and how does my good Lord ? I never saw him before in my life : a cup of bastard for this Foot-man.

Foot. My Lord has travaild this five yeare sir.

Sir Bonn. Travaild this five yeare ? how many children has he ? some bastard I say.

Foot. No bastard an't please your Worship.

Sir Bonn. A cup of Sacke to strengthen his wit, the foot-mans a foole ; oh, come hither Master *Gumwater*, come hither : send presently to master *Pheasant* for one of his Hens, there's Partridge i'th house.

Gun. And Wild-ducke an't please your Worship.

Sir Bonn. And Wodcocke an't please thy worship.

Gun. And Woodcocks an't please your Worship : I had thought to have spoke before you.

Sir Bonn. Remember the Pheasant, downe with some Plover, clap downe sixe Woodcocks, my love's coming : now sir.

Gun.

Gan. And please your Worship there's a Lord and his followers newly alighted.

Sir Boun. Dispatch I say, dispatch: and where's your musicke? hee's come indeed.

*Enter Folly-wit like a Lord and his Comrades
in blew Coates.*

Folly-w. Footman.

Foot. My Lord.

Folly-w. Run swiftly with my comendations to S. *Jasper Topas*, wee'll ride and visite him i'th morning say.

Foot. Your Lordships charge shall be effected. *Exit.*

Folly-w. That Courtly comly forme, should present to me *Sir Bounteous Progresse*.

Sir Boun. Y'ave found me out my Lord, I cannot hide my Selfe. Your honour is most spatioussly welcome. (houses.

Folly. In this forgive me Sir, that being a stranger to your And you, I make my way so bold, and presume

Rather upon your kindnesse than your knowledge,

Onely your bounteous disposition:

Fame hath divulged, and it is to me well knowne.

Sir Boun. Nay, and your Lordship know my disposition, you know me better then they that know my person; your honour is so much the welcomer for that.

Folly-w. Thanks good *Sir Bounteous*.

Sir Boun. Pray pardon me, it has bin often my ambition my L. both in respect of your honourable presence, and the prodigall fame that keepes even stroke with your unbounded worthinesse:

To have wisht your Lordship, where your Lordship is.

A noble guest in this unworthy seate:

Your Lordship ne're heard my Organs.

Folly-w. Heard of'em *Sir Bounteous*, but neve rheared 'em.

Sir Boun. The're but double gilt my L. some hundred and fifty pound will fit your Lordship with such another paire.

Folly-w.

Folly-w. Indeed *sir Bounteous*?

Sir Boun. O my L. I have a present suite to you.

Folly-w. To me *sir Bounteous*, and you could ne're speake at fitter time? for I'me here present to grant you.

Sir Boun. Your Lordship has bin a traveller.

Folly-w. Some five yeare *sir*.

Sir Boun. I have a Grandchild my L. I love him; and when I dye, Ile doe somewhat for him: Ile tell your honour the worst of him, a wild lad he has bin.

Folly-w. So we have bin all *sir*.

Sir Boun. So we have bin all indeed my L. I thanke your Lordships assistance; some Comick pranks hee has bin guilty of, but Ile pawne my credit for him; an honest trusty bosome.

Folly-w. And that's worth all *sir*.

Sir Boun. And that's worth all indeed my L. for hee's like to have all when I dye; *imberdis Iuvebis*, his chin has no more prickles yet then a Mid-wives: there's great hope of his wit his haire's so long a comming: shall I bee bold with your honour, to preferre this aforesaid Ganimed to hold a plate under your Lordships Cup?

Folly-w. You wrong both his worth, and your bounty; and you call that boldnesse: *Sir* I have heard much good of that yong Gentleman.

Sir Boun. Nay h'as a good wit yfaith my L.

Folly-w. H'as carried himselfe alwayes generously.

Sir Boun. Are you advis'd of that my L.? h'as carried many things cleanly: Ile shew your Lordship my Will, I keepe it above in an Out-landish boxe, the whorson Boy must have all: I love him, yet hee shall ne're find it as long as I live.

Folly-w. Well *sir*, for your sake, and his owne deserving, Ile reserve a place for him neereff to my secrets.

Sir Boun. I understand your good Lordship, you'll make him your Secretary: my musicke, give my L. a taste of his welcome.

my Masters.

A straine plaide by the Consort, Sir Bounteous makes a Courtly honour to that L. and seemes to foot the tune.

Sir Boun. So, how like you our Ayres my Lord? are they choice?

Fol. The're seldome matcht beleeeve it.

Sir Boun. The Consort of mine owne household.

Fol. Yee sir.

Sir Boun. The Musicians are in Ordinary, yet no ordinary Musicians: your Lordship shall heare my Organs now.

Fol. Oh I beseech you sir *Bounteous*.

Sir Boun. My Organist.

The Organs play, and cover'd dishes march over the Stage.

Come my L. how does your honour rellish my Organ?

Fol. A very proud Ayre yfaith sir.

Sir Boun. Oh, how can't chuse, a Walloon playes upon 'em, and a Welchman blowes wind in their breech. *Exeunt.*

A song to the Organs.

Enter sir Bounteous with Folly-wit, and his consorts toward his lodging.

Sir Boun. You must pardon us my L. hasty 'cates, your honour has had ev'n a hunting meale on't: and now I am like to bring your Lordship to as meane a lodging, a hard Downe bed yfaith my L. poore Cambricke sheets, and a Cloth of Tissue Canopy, the Curtaines indeed were wrought in Venice, with the story of the Prodigall Child in silke and gold, onely the Swine are left out my L. for spoyling the Curtaines.

Fol. Twas well prevented sir.

Sir Boun. Silken rest, harmonious slumbers, and veneriall dreames to your Lordship.

A mad World

Folly-w. The like to kind *Sir Bounteous*.

Sir Boun. Fie, not to me my L. I'me old, past dreaming of such vanities.

Folly-w. Old men should dreame best.

Sir Boun. Their dreames indeed my L. y'ave gi'nt us : to morrow your Lordship shall see my Cockes, my Fish-ponds, my Parke, my Champion grounds ; I keepe Champers in my house can shew your Lordship some pleasure.

Fol. *Sir Bounteous* you ev'n whelme me with delights.

Sir Boun. Once agen a musicall night to your honour; ile trouble your Lordship no more. *Exit.*

Fol. Good rest *Sir Bounteous*; so, come, the vizards, where be the masking suits ?

Lieft. In your Lordships Port-mantua.

Fol. Peace Leiftenant,

Lieft. I had rather have War, Capitaine;

Fol. Puh, the plot's ripe; come, to the businesse lad:
Tho guilt condemnes, 'ris gilt must make us glad.

Lieft. Nay, and you be at your distinctions Capitaine, ile follow behind no longer.

Fol. Get you before then, and whelme your nose with your vizard ; goe.

Now Grandfire; you that hold me at hard meat,
And keepe me out at the Dags end, ile fit you;
Under his Lordships leave, all must be mine,
He and his Will confesses ; what I take then,
Is but a borrowing of so much before hand :
Ile pay him agen when he dyes, in so many blacks,
Ile have the Church hung round with a noble a yard,
Or requite him in Scutchions; let him trap me
In gold, and Ile lap him in lead ; *quid pro quo* : I
Must looke none of his Angels in the face forsooth,
Untill his face be not worth looking on : Tut lads,
Let Sires and Grandfires keepe us low, we must
Live when the're flesh, as well as when the're dust. *Exit*

Enter.

My Masters.

Enter Curtizan with her man.

Curt. Goe sirrah, run presently to M. *Penitent Brothel*; you know his lodging, knocke him up, I know he cannot sleepe for sighing; tell him I've happily be thought a meane, To make his purpose prosper in each limbe, Which onely rests to be approv'd by him: Make hast, I know he thirsts for't.

Exeunt.

Within. Oh, oh, oh.

*Enter in a masking suite with a vizard in his hand,
Folly-wit.*

Folly-w. Harke, the're at their businesse.

First. Theeves, theeves.

Fol. Gag that gaping raskall, tho hee bee my Grandfires chiefe Gentleman i'th chaine of gold, ile have no pittie of him: how now lads?

Enter the rest vizarded.

Leift. Al's sure and safe, on with your vizard sir; the servants are all bound.

Fol. There's one care past then, come follow me lads, ile lead you now to'th point, and top of all your fortunes; yon lodging is my Grandfires.

Leift. So, so; lead on, on, on.

Ant. Here's a Capitaine worth the following, and a wit worth a mans love and admiring!

*Enter with sir Bounteous in his
night-gowne.*

Sir Boun. Oh gentlemen, and you be kind gentlemen, what Country-men are you?

Fol. *Lincolne-shiere* men Sir.

Sir Boun. I am glad of that yfaith,

Fol. And why should you be glad of that?

Sir Boun. Oh, the honestest theeves of all come out of *Lincolne-shiere*; the kindest natur'd gentlemen; the'le rob a man with conscience: they have a feeling of what they goe about, and will steale with teares in their eyes: ah pitifull gentlemen.

Fol. Push, money, money; we come for money.

Sir Boun. Is that all you come for? Ah what a beast was I to put out my money tother day: alas good gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you? pray come againe another time.

Fol. Tut, tut sir; money.

Sir Boun. Oh not too loud sir, you're too shrill a gentleman; I have a L. lyes in my house, I would not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

Fol. Who my L. *Owe-much*? wee have tooke order with him before hand, hee lyes bound in his bed, and all his followers.

Sir Boun. Who my L? bound my L? Alas what did you meane to bind my L? he could keepe his bed well enough without binding: y'ave undone me i'nt already, you neede rob me no farder.

Fol. Which is the Key, come?

Sir Boun. Ah I perceive now, y'are no true *Lincolne-shiere* spirits; you come rather out of *Bedford-shiere*, we cannot lye quiet in our beds for you: so, take enough my Masters; spur a free horse, my name's sir *Bounteous*, a merry world yfaith: what Knight but I keepe open house at midnight? well, there should bee a conscience, if one could hit uppon't.

Fol. Away now, ceaze upon him, bind him.

Sir Boun. Is this your Court of equity? why should I be bound for mine owne money? but come, come, bind me, I have need on't; I have bin too liberall to night, keepe in my hands: nay, as hard as you list; I am too good to beare my L. company, you have watcht your time my Masters; I was

my Masters.

was Knighted at *Westminster*, but many of these nights will make me a Knight of *Windsor*; y'ave deserv'd so well my Masters, I bid you all to dinner to morrow, I would I might have your companies yfaith, I desire no more.

Fol. Oh ho sir!

Sir Bonn. Pray meddle not with my Organs, to put 'em out of tune.

Fol. Oh no, here's better musicke sir.

Sir Bonn. Ah pox feast you. *Exit.*

Fol. Dispatch with him, away; so thanke you good Grand-sire, this was bounteously done of him yfaith; it came somewhat hard from him at first, for indeed nothing came stiffe from an old man but money: and he may well stand upon that, when he has nothing else to stand upon: where's our *Port manna*.

Leift. Here Bully-Captaine.

Fol. In with the purchase, 'twill lye safe enough there under's nose I warrant you: what, is all sure? *Enter Ancient.*

Ant. All's sure Captaine.

Fol. You know what followes now; one villaine binds his fellowes; goe, we must be all bound for our owne securities Raskals, there's no dallying upp' th point: you conceire me: there is a L. to be found bound in the morning, and all his followers, can you picke out that L. now?

Leift. O admirable spirit!

Fol. You ne're plot for your safeties, so your wants bee satisfied.

Ant. But if wee blinde one another, how shall the last man be bound?

Fol. Poxe on't, ile have the footman scape.

Foot. That's I, I thanke you sir.

Fol. The Foot-man of all other will be suppos'd to scape, for he comes in no bed all night, but lyes in's cloathes, to be first ready i'th morning: the horse and hee lyes in's litter together, that's the right fashion of your bonny Foot-man: and his freedome will make the better for our purpose, for

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we must have one i'th morning to unbind the Knight, tha
we may have our sport within our selves : we now arrive
at the most ticklish point, to rob, and take our ease, to bee
theeves & lye by't; looke to't lads, it concernes every mans
gullet; Ile not have a jest spoil'd, that's certaine, tho it ha-
zard a winde-pipe : Ile either goe like a L. as I came, or be
hang'd like a theefe as I am; and that's my resolution.

Lieft. Troth a match Captaine, of all hands. *Exeunt.*

Enter Curtizan with M. Penitent Brothel.

Curtiz. Oh *M. Penitent Brothel* !

M. Pen. What is't sweet Lady *Gulman*, that so seizes on
thee with rapture and admiration ?

Curt. A thought, a tricke, to make you sir especially hap-
py, and yet I my selfe a savor by it.

M. Pen. I would embrace that Lady with such courage,
I would not leave you on the loosing hand.

Curt. I will give trust to you sir, the cause then why I
rais'd you from your bed so soone; wherein I know sighs
would not let you sleepe, thus understand it :
You love that woman (*M. Harebraines* wife)
Which no invented meanes can crowne with freedome,
For her desires and your owne wish, but this,
Which in my slumbers did present it selfe.

M. Pen. I'me covetous Lady.

Curtiz. You know her husband lingring in suspect,
Lockes her from all society, but mine.

M. Pen. Most true.

Curt. I onely am admitted, yet hitherto
That has done you no reall happines; by my admittance,
I cannot performe that deed, that should please you,
You know: wherefore thus I've convey'd it:
Ile counterfeit a fit of violent sicknes,

M. Pen. Good.

Curt. Nay 'tis not so good by my faith, but to doe
you

you good.

M. Pen. And in that sense I call'd it, but take mee with you Lady; would it be probable enough to have a sicknes so suddenly violent?

Curt. Puh, all the world knowes women are soone downe, we can be sicke when wee hav'e a mind to't, catch an ague with the wind of our fans, surfet upon the rumpe of a Larke, and bestow ten pound in Physick upon't; we're likest our selves when we're downe: 'tis the easiest Art and cunning for our sect to counterfeit sicke, that are alwayes full offits when we are well; for since we were made for a weake imperfect creature, we can fit that best wee are made for: I thus translated, and your selfe slipt into the forme of a Physitian.

M. Pen. I a Physitian Lady, talke not on't I beseech you, I shall shame the whole Colledge.

Curt. Tut man, any quacksalving tearmes will serve for this purpose; for I am pittifully haunted with a brace of elder Brothers, new persum'd in the first of their fortunes, and I shall presently see how forward their purses will bee to the pleasing of my pallet, and restoring of my health; lay on loade enough upon 'em, and spare 'em not, for the're good plumpe fleshy Asses, and may well enough beare it: let Gold, Ambre, and dissolved Pearle, bee common ingredients, and that you cannot compose a cullisse without 'em: put but this cunningly in practise, it shall bee both a sufficient recompence for all my paines in your love, and the ready way to make Mistris *Hare-braine*; way, by the visiting of mee to your mutuall desired company.

M. Pen. I applaud thee, kisse thee, and will constantly embrace it.

Exeunt.

Voyces

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Voyces singing within.

Sir Boun. Ho, Gun-water !

Fol. Singlestone !

Within. Ienkin, wa, ha, ho.

Within. Ewen.

Within. Simcod !

Fol. Foot-man ! whewe —————

Foot. Oh good your worship, let me helpe your good old Worship.

Enter Sir Bount. with a cord halfe unbound, Foot. with him.

Sir Boun. Ah poore honest Foot-man, how didst thou scape this massacre ?

Foot. E'en by miracle, and lying in my cloaths sir.

Sir boun. I thinke so, I would I had laine in my cloaths too Foot-man, so I had scapt 'em : I could have but risse like a begger then, and so I doe now till my mony come in ; but nothing afflicts me so much, my poore Geometricall Foot-man, as that the barbarous villaines should lay violence upon my L. Ah, the binding of my L. cuts my heart in two pieces : so, so, 'tis well, I thanke thee, runne to thy fellowes, undoe 'em, undoe 'em, undoe 'em.

Foot. Alas, if my L. should miscarry, the're unbound already sir : they have no occupation but sleepe, feede, and farr.

Sir Boun. If I bee not asham'd to looke my L. i'th face, i'me a Sarassen my L.

Fol. Who's that ?

Sir Boun. One may see hee has bin scar'd, a poxe on 'em for their labours.

Fol. Linglestone !

Sir Boun. Singlestone ? ile nere answer to that yfaith.

Fol. Suchman.

Sir Boun. Such.nan ? nor that neither yfaith : I am not brought so low, tho I be old.

Fol.

my Masters.

Fol. Who's that i'th chamber?

Sir Boun. Good morrow my L. 'tis I.

Fol. Sir *Bounteous* good morrow, I would give you my hand sir, but I cannot come at it; is this the courtesie a'th Country sir *Bounteous*?

Sir Boun. Your Lordship grieves me more then all my losse; 'Tis the unnatural'st sight that can be found, To see a noble gentleman hard-bound.

Fol. Trust me, I thought you had beene better belov'd sir *Bounteous*; but I see you have enemies sir, and your friends fare the worse for 'em:

I like your talke better then your lodging;

I ne're lay harder in a bed of Downe; I have had a mad nights rest on't: can you not gesse what they should bee sir *Bounteous*?

Sir Boun. Faith *Lincolne-shi*ere men my Lord.

Fol. How? fie, fie, beleeve it not sir, these lye not far off I warrانت you.

Sir Boun. Thinke you so my Lord?

Fol. Ile bee burnt and they doe, some that use to your house sir, and are familiar with all the conveiances.

Sir Boun. This is the commodity of keeping open house my Lord, that makes so many shut their doores about dinner time.

Fol. They were resolute villaines. I made my selfe knowne to 'em, told 'em what I was; gave 'em my honorable word not to disclose 'em.

Sir Boun. O sawcy unmannerly villaines!

Fol. And thinke you the slaves would trust mee upon my word?

Sir Boun. They would not?

Fol. Forsooth no, I must pardon 'em; they told mee Lords promises were mortall, and commonly dye within halfe an houre after they are spoken; they were but gristles, and not one amongst a hundred come to any full groth, or perfection, and therefore tho' I were a L. I must enter into bond.

Sir Boun.

A mad World

Sir Boun. Insupportable Rascalls.

Fol. Troth i'me of that mind *Sir Bounteous*, you far'd the worse for my comming hither.

Sir Boun. Ah good my Lord, but i'me sure your Lordship far'd the worse.

Fol. Pray pittie not me sir.

Sir Boun. Is not your honour sore about the brawne of the arme? a murren meete 'em, I feele it.

Fol. About this place *Sir Bounteous*?

Sir Boun. You feele as it were a twinge my Lord?

Fol. I, e'n a twinge, you say right.

Sir Boun. A poxe discover 'em, that twinge I feele too

Fol. But that which disturbs mee most, *Sir Bounteous* lyes heere.

Sir Boun. True, about the wrist; a kind of Tumid numnes.

Fol. You say true sir.

Sir Boun. The reason of that my Lord is, the pulses had no play.

Fol. Masse forgest it.

Sir Boun. A mischiefe swell 'em, for I feele that too.

Liest. Sli'd here's a house haunted indeed.

Sir Boun. A word with you sir.

Fol. How now Singlestone?

Liest. I'me sorry my Lord your worship has lost.

Sir Boun. Pup, pup, pup, pup, pup.

Fol. What have I lost? speake

Sir Boun. A good nights sleepe say.

Fol. Speake, what have I lost I say?

Liest. A good nights sleepe my Lord, nothing else.

Fol. That's true, my cloath's come. *Curtaines drawn.*

Liest. My Lords cloth's, his honour's rising.

Sir Boun. Hift, well said, come hither, what has my Lord lost? tell me, speake softly?

Liest. His Lordship must know that sir.

Sir Boun. Hush, prethee tell me.

Liest. 'Twill doe you no pleasure to know't sir.

Sir Boun.

My Masters.

Sir Boun. Yet againe? I desire it I say.

Lieft. Since your worship will needs know't, they have stolne away a jewell in a blew silke riband of a hundred pound price, beside some hundred pounds in a faire Spur-Royals.

Sir Boun. That's some two hundred i'th totall.

Lieft. Your Worship's much about it sir.

Sir Boun. Come follow me, ile make that whole againe in so much money, let not my Lord know on't.

Lieft. Oh pardon me *Sir Bounteous*, that were a dishonour to my Lord, should it come to his eare, I should hazard my undoing by it.

Sir Boun. How should it come to his care? if you be my Lords chiefe man about him, I hope you doe not use to speake, unlesse you be paid for't; and I had rather give you a Counsellors double Fee to hold your peace: come, goe too, follow me I say.

Lieft. There will be scarce time to tell it sir, my Lord will away instantly.

Sir Boun. His honour shall stay dinner by his leave, ile prevaile with him so far; and now I remember a jest: I bad the whoreson theeves to dinner last night, I would I might have their companies, a poxe poison 'em. *Exit.*

Lieft. Faith and you are like to have no other guesse *Sir Bounteous*, if you have none but us, Ile give you that gift yfaith,

A Song, sung by the musitians, and after the Song, a Country dance, by the Actors in their Vizards to a new footing.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundus.

E. 2

Incipit

Incipit Actus Tertius.

*Enter Master Harebraine with two elder
Brothers, Master Inesse, and Master
Possibility;*

Possibi.

YOU see bold guests Master *Hareb.*

Hareb. You'r kindly welcome to my house; good
Master *Inesse*, and Master *Possibility*.

Inesse. That's our presumption Sir.

Hareb. Rafe?

Rafe. Here Sir.

Hareb. Call downe your Mistris to welcome these two
Gentlemen my friends.

Rafe. I shall Sir.

Exit.

Hareb. I will observe her carriage, and watch
The slippery revolutions of her eye;
Ile lye in waite for every glance she gives,
And poyze her words i'th ballance of suspect:
If she but swag she's gone, either on this hand
Over familiar, or this too neglectfull,
It does behove her carry her selfe even.

Possibi. But Master *Harebraine*.

Hareb. True, I heare you sir; wa'tt you said?

Possibi. I have not spoke it yet sir.

Hareb. Right, so I say.

Possibi. Is it not strange, that in so short a time, my little
Lady

my Masters.

Lady *Gulman* should be so violently handled ?

Hareb. Oh, sicknes has no mercy sir,
It neither pitties Ladies lip, nor eye ;
It crops the Rose out of the Virgins cheek,
And so deflowers her that was ne're deflowr'd ;
Foolles then are maides to locke from men that treasure,
Which death will plucke, and never yeeld 'em pleasure.
Ah gentlemen, tho I shadow it, that sweet Virgins sicknes
grieves me not lightly, she was my wives onely delight and
company :

Did you not heare her gentlemen, i'th midst
Of her extreamest fit, still how she cald upon my wife,
Remembred still my wife, sweet mistris *Harebraine*,
When she sent for me, a one side of her bed stood the Physit-
tian, the Scrivener on the other ; two horrible objects, but
meere opposites in the course of their lives, for the Scrive-
ner bindes folkes, and the Physitian makes them loose.

Poss. But not loose of their bonds sir.

Hareb. No by my faith sir, I say not so ; if the Physitian
could make 'em loose of their bonds, there's many a one
would take Physick, that dares not now for poysoning, but
as I was telling of you, her Will was fashioning,
Wherein I found her best and richest jewell,
Given as a Legacy unto my wife :

When I read that, I could not refraine weeping, well, of all
other, my wife has most reason to visite her, if shee have
any good nature in her, shee'le shew it there, now sir
where's your mistris ?

Rafe. She desires you, and the gentlemen your friends, to
hold her excused, she's a fit of an Ague now upon her, which
begins to shake her.

Hareb. Where does it shake her most ?

Rafe. All over her body sir.

Hareb. Shake all her body ? 'tis a fancy fit. I'm jealous of
that Ague, pray walke in gentlemen, ile see you instantly.

Rafe. Now they are absent sir, 'tis no such thing.

Hareb.

*Viols, Galipots, Plate, and an Houre-glasse by her. The
Curtizan on a bed, for her counterfeit fit.
To her, Master Penitent Brothel, like a Doctor of Physicke.*

M. Pen. Lady ?

Curt. Ha, what newes ?

M. Pen. There's one Sir *Bounteous* *Progresse* newly
alighted from his Foot-cloth, and his Marc waites at doore,
as the fashion is.

Curt. Sli'd, 'tis the Knight that privately maintaines
mee, a little short-olde-spinye Gentleman, in a great
Dublet.

M. Pen. The same, I know 'em.

Curt. Hee's my sole Revenew, meate, drinke, and ray-
ment; my good Physitian worke upon him, i' me weake.

M. Pen. Ynough.

Sir Boun. Why, where be these Ladies? these plumpe soft
delicate creatures? ha?

M. Pen. Who would you visit sir?

Sir Boun. Visit, who? what are you with the plague in
Your mouth.

M. Pen. A Physitian sir.

Sir Boun. Then you are a loose liver Sir; I have put you
to your purgation.

M. Pen. But you neede none, you're purg'd in a worse
fashion.

Curt. Ah, Sir *Bounteous*.

Sir Boun. How now? what art thou?

Curt. Sweet Sir *Bounteous*.

Sir Boun. Pashion of me, what an alte ration's here? *Rosa-*
mond sicke old *Harry*? here's a sight, able to make an old
man shrink, I was lusty when I came in, but I am downe
now yfaith, mortality; yea? this puts me in mind of a hole
seven foot deepe, my grave, my grave, my grave; hift, master
Doctor a word sir, harke, 'tis not the Plague? ist?

M. Pen.

My Masters.

M. Pen. The plague sir, no?

Sir Boun. Good.

M. Pen. He ne're askes whether it bee the Poxe or no, and of the twaine that had bin more likely.

Sir Boun. How now my wench, how dost?

Curt. Huh, weake Knight, huh.

M. Pen. She sayes true, hee's a weake Knight indeed.

Sir Boun. Where does it hold thee most, wench?

Curt. All parts alike sir.

M. Pen. She sayes true still, for it holds her in none.

Sir Boun. Harke in thine eare, thou'rt breeding of yong bones, I am affraid I have got thee with child yfaith.

Curt. I feare that much sir.

Sir Boun. Oh, oh if it should, a yong *Progresse* when al's done.

Curt. You have done your good will sir.

Sir Boun. I see by her, 'tis nothing but a surfeit of *Venus* yfaith, and tho I be old, I have gin't her, but since I had the power to make thee sicke, ile have the purse to make thee whole, that's certaine; master Doctor.

M. Pen. Sir.

Sir Boun. Let's heare I pray, what ist you minister to her?

M. Pen. Marry sir, some precious cordiall, some costly refocillation, a composure comfortable and restorative.

Sir Boun. I, I; that, that.

M. Pen. No poorer ingrediencies then the liquid of Cur-rall, cleere Amber, or Succinum, Vnicornes horne fixe graines, Magisterium, Perlarum one scruple.

Sir Boun. Ah, hah.

M. Pen. *Offis de Corde Cervi* halfe a scruple, *Aurum potable* or his tincture.

Sir Boun. Very precious sir.

M. Pen. All which being finely contunded, and mixed in a stone or glasse mortar, with the spirit of *Diamber*.

Sir Boun. Nay pray be patient sir.

M. Pen. That's impossible, I cannot bee Patient, and a

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Physitian too sir.

Sir Boun. Oh, cry you mercy, that's true sir.

M. Pen. All which afore said.

Sir Boun. I, there you left sir.

M. Pen. When it is almost exsiccate or dry, I adde there-
to *olei Succini, olei Masi, & Sinamoni.*

Sir Boun. So sir, *olei Masi*, that same oyle of Mace is a
great comfort to both the Counters.

M. Pen. And has bin of a long time sir.

Sir Boun. Well, be of good cheere wench, there's gold
for thee; hah, let her want for nothing M. Doctor, a poore
kinsewoman of mine, nature bindes me to haue a care of
her, there I guld you M. Doctor: gather up a good spirit
wench, the fit will away, 'tis but a surfeit of glistles: ha, ha,
I have fitted her; an old Knight and a cocke a'th game-
frill, I have not spurs for nothing I see.

M. Pen. No by my faith, the're hatcht, they lost you an
Angell sir.

Sir Boun. Looke to her good M. Doctor, let her want no-
thing, i've given her enough already, Ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*

Curt. So, is he gone?

M. Pen. Hee's like himselfe gone.

Curt. Here's somewhat to set up with; how soone hee
tooke occasion to slip into his owne flattery, soothing his
owne defects; he onely feares he has done that deed; which
I ne're fear'd to come from him in my life, this purchase
came unlookt for.

M. Pen. H'ist, the paire of sonnes and heires.

Curt. Oh, the're welcome, they bring money.

Enter M. Inesse and Possibility.

Poss. M. Doctor.

M. Pen. I come to you gentleman.

Poss. How does she now?

M. Pen. Faith much after one fashion sir.

Inesse. There's hope of life sir.

M. Pen.

my Masters.

M. Pen. I see no signes of death in her.

M. Poss. That's some comfort; will she take any thing yet?

M. Pen. Yes, yes, yes; she'll take still: sh'as a kind of facility in taking: how comes your hand bloody sir?

Inesse. You may see I met with a scab sir,

M. Pen. *Diversa genera Scabiarum*, as *Pliny* reports, there are divers kind of Scabs.

Iness. Pray let's heare 'em sir.

M. Pen. An itching scab, that is your harlot; a sore scab, your Usurer; a running scab, your Promooter; a broad scab, your intelligencer; but a white scab, that's a scald knave and a Pandar: but to speake truth, the onely scabs we are now a-daies troubled withall, are new Officers and Projectors.

Inesse. Why now you come to mine sir, for ile be sworne one of them was very busie about my head this morning, and hee should be a scab by that, for they are ambitious and covet the head.

M. Pen. Why you saw I deriv'd him sir?

Iness. You Physitians are mad gentlemen.

M. Pen. We Physitians see the most sights of any men living, you're Astronomers looke upward into'th'aire, wee looke downeward into the body, and indeed we have power upward and downeward.

Iness. That you have yfaith sir.

Poss. Lady, how cheere you now?

Curtiz. The same woman still, huh.

Poss. That's not good.

Curtiz. Little alteration, Fye, fye, you have bin to latish gentlemen.

Iness. Puh, talke not of that Lady, thy health is worth a million; here M. Doctor, spare for no cost.

Poss. Looke what you find there sir.

Curtiz. What doe you meane gentlemen, put up, put up; you see i'me downe and cannot strive with you, I would rule you else: you have me at advantage, but if ever I live, I will requite it deeply.

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Iness. Tut an't come to that once, we'le requite our selves well enough.

Poss. *Mist. Harebraine*, Lady, is setting forth to visit you too.

Curtiz. Hah, huh.

M. Pen. There stricke the minute that brings forth the birth of all my joyes and wishes; but see the jarre now, how shall I rid these from her?

Curtiz. Pray gentleman, stay not above an houre from my sight.

Iness. S'foot we are not going Lady.

M. Pen. Subtily brought about, yet 'twill not doe, the'le sticke by't; a word with you gentlemen.

Both. What saies M. Doctor?

M. Pen. She wants but setting of her sense with rest, one houres sleepe gentlemen will set all parts in tune.

Poss. He saies true yfaith.

Iness. Get her to sleepe M. Doctor, wee'le both sit heere and watch by her.

M. Pen. Hels Angels watch you, no Art can prevaile with 'em; what with the thought of joyes, and sight of crosses, my wits are at *Hercules* pillars, *non plus ultra*.

Curt. M. Doctor; M. Doctor?

M. Pen. Here Lady.

Curtiz. Your physicke workes, lend me your hand.

Poss. Farewell sweet Lady.

Iness. Adue M. Doctor.

Curtiz. So.

M. Pen. Let me admire thee,
The wit of man, waves and decreases soone;
But womens wit is ever at full moone. *Enter Mist. Hareb.*
There shot a star from heaven,
I dare not yet behold my happinesse,
The splendor is so glorious and so piercing.

Curt. *Mist. Harebraine*, give my wit thanks hereafter,
your wishes are in sight, your opportunity spacious.

Wife. Will you but heare a word from me?

Curtiz.

my Masters.

Curtiz. Whooh—

Wife. My husband himselfe brought mee to'th doore,
walkes below for my returne; lealoufie is prick-ear'd, and
will heare the waging of a haire.

Curtiz. Pith, y^e are a faint liver, trust your selfe wick your
pleasure, and me with your security, goe.

M. Pen. The fulnesse of my wish.

Wife. Of my desire.

M. Pen. Beyond this sphere I never will aspire. *Exeunt.*

Enter M. Harebraine listening.

Hareb. Ile listen, now the flesh drawes nie her end,
At such a time women exchange their secrets,
And ransack the close corners of their hearts;
What many yeares hath whelm'd, this houre imparts.

Curt. Pray sit downe, there's a low stoole, good Mistris
Harebraine, this was kindly done; huh give me your hand;
huh, alas how cold you are: ev'n so is your husband, that
worthy wife gentleman; as comfortable a man to woman
in my case, as ever trod---huh---shoe-leathes: love him,
honour him, sticke by him; he lets you want nothing that's
fit for a woman: and to be sure on't, he will see himselfe that
you want it not.

Hareb. And so I doe yfaith, 'tis right my humour.

Curt. You live a Ladies life with him, goe where you will,
ride when you will, and doe what you will.

Hareb. Not so, not so neither; she's better lookt to.

Curt. I know you doe, you need not tell me that; 'twere
ee'n pittie of your life yfaith, if ever you should wrong such
an innocent gentleman; sic Mistris *Harebraine*, what doe
you meane? come you to discomfort mee? nothing but
weeping with you?

Hareb. Shee's weeping, t'as made her weepe: my wife
shewes her good nature already.

Curt. Still, still weeping? huff, huff, huff, why how now
woman

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woman? hey, hy; hy, for shame leave; fuh, fuh, she cannot answer me for snobbing.

Hareb. All this does her good, beskrew my heart and I pittie her, let her shed teares till morning; ile stay for her, shee shall have enough on't by my good will; ile not be her hinderance.

Curt. O no, lay your hand on heere Mistris *Harebraine*: I there, Oh there, there lyes my paine good gentlewoman: sore? Oh I, I can scarce endure your hand uppon't.

Hareb. Poore soule, how she's tormented.

Curtiz. Yes, yes; I eate a Cullisse an houre since.

Hareb. There's some comfort in that yet, shee may scape it.

Curt. Oh it lyes about my heart much.

Hareb. I'me glad of that yfaith, she'le hardly scape it.

Curt. Bound, no, no, I'de a very comfortable stoole this morning.

Hareb. I'me glad of that yfaith, that's a good signe. I smell, she'le scape it now.

Curt. Will you be going then?

Hareb. Fall backe, she's comming.

Curt. Thankes good Mistris *Harebraine*, welcome sweet Mistris *Harebraine*, pray commend mee to the good gentleman your husband.

Hareb. I could doe that my selfe now.

Curt. And to my unckle Winchcombe, and to my Ant Lipsalve, and to my cozen Falsetop, and to my cozen Lickit, and to my cozen Horseman; and to all my good cozens in *Clarkenwell*, and *Saint Ioneses*.

Enter wife with Master Penitent.

Wife. At three dayes end my husband takes a journey.

M. Pen. Oh thence I derive a second meeting.

Wife. May it prosper still,

Till then I rest a captive to his will:

Once agen health, rest, and strength to thee sweet Lady:
farewell,

my Masters.

farewell, you witty squall; good M. Doctor have a care to her body if you stand her friend, I know you can doe her good.

Curt. Take pittie of your waiter, goe: farewell sweete Mistris *Harebraine*.

Hareb. Welcome sweet wife, alight upon my lip; never was houre spent better.

Wife. Why, were you within the hearing sir?

Hareb. I that I was yfaith, to my great comfort; I deceiv'd you there wife, ha, ha;

I doe intreat thee, nay conjure thee wife
Upon my love, or what can more be said?
Oftner to visit this sicke vertuous maid.

Wife. Be not so fierce, your will shall be obey'd.

Hareb. Why then I see thou lov'st me.

Exeunt.

M. Pen. Art of Ladies.

When plots are ee'n past hope, and hang their head,
Set with a womans hand they thrive and spread.

Exit.

*Enter Folly-wit, and Lieutenant Mam-worme
Antient Hobby, and the rest
of his consorts.*

Folly-w. Wast not well manag'd, you necessary mischiefs?
did the plot want either life or Art?

Lieft. 'Twas so well Captaine, I would you could make
such another Muffe at all adventures.

Folly-w. Dost cal't a Muffe? I am sure my Grandfire ne'r
got his money worse in his life, then I got it from him,
if ever hee did cozen the simple; why I was borne to re-
venge their quarrell; if ever oppresse the widow? I, a
fatherlesse child have done as much for him; and so 'tis
through the world either in jest, or earnest: let the Usurer
looke for't, for craft recoyles in the end, like an over-
charged Musket, and maynes the very hand that put fire too't;
there needs no more but a Usurers owne blow to strike
him.

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him from hence to hell, 'twill set him forward with a vengeance; but here lay the jest whoresons, my Grandfire thinking in his conscience that wee had not robd him ynough o're night, must needs pittie mee i'th morning, and give me the rest.

Lieft. Two hundred pounds in faire Rose-Nobles I protest.

Folly-w. Push, I knew hee could not sleepe quietly till hee had paid me for robbing of him too, 'tis his humour, and the humour of most of your rich men in the course of their lives; for you know, they alwaies feast their mouthes that are least needy, and give the.n more that have too much already; and what call you that, but robbing of themselves a Courtlier way? Oh——

Lieft. Cuds me, how now Capitaine?

Folly-w. A cold fit that comes over my memory, and has a shroud pull at my fortunes.

Lieft. What's that sir?

Folly-w. It is for certaine Lieftenant, that my Grandfire kept an uncertaine creature, a Queane?

Lieft. I that's too true sir.

Folly-w. So much the more preposterous for me, I shall hop shorter by that trick; she carries away the thirds at least: 'twill prove entayld land I am affraid when all's done, yfaith nay, I have knowne a vitious-old-thought-acting Father, damb'd only in his dreames, thirsting for game (When his best parts hung downe their heads for shame,) For his blancht harlot dispossesse his Son, And make the poxe his heire, 'twas gravely done: How had'st thou first knowledge on't Lieftenant?

Lieft. Faith from discourse, yet all the policy That I could use, I could not get her name.

Fol. Dull slave that ne're could'st spy it.

Lieft. But the manner of her comming was describ'd to mee

Fol. How is the manner prethee?

Lieft.

my Masters.

Lieft. Marry sir she comes, most commonly Coacht.

Folly-w. Most commonly Coacht indeed; for Coaches are as common now adayes, as some that ride in 'em; she comes most commonly Coacht. (Pimps.

Lieft. True, there I left sir; guarded with some leash of

Folly-w. Beside the Coach-man?

Lieft. Right sir; then alighting, shee's privately receiv'd by master *Gum-water*.

Folly-w. That's my Grandfires chiefe Gentleman i'th chaine of gold, that hee should live to be a Pander, and yet looke upon his chaine and his velvet jacket.

Lieft. Then is your Grandfire rounded i'th care, the Key given after the *Italian* fashion, backward, shee closely convey'd into his Closet; there remaining, till either opportunity smile upon his credit, or he send downe some hot caudle to take order in his performance.

Folly-w. Peace, 'tis mine owne yfaith, I haa'te.

Lieft. How now Sir?

Fol. Thankes, thankes to any spirit,
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions.

Anti. Why master *Folly-wit*?

All. Captaine?

Fol. Give me scope and heare me;
I have begot that meanes which will both furnish me,
And make that queane walke under his conceit.

Lieft. That were double happineffe, to put thy selfe into money, and her out of favour.

Fol. And all at one dealing?

Ant. S'foot I long to see that hand plaid.

Fol. And thou shalt see't quickly yfaith; nay 'tis in graine, I warrant it hold colour: Lieftenant, step behind yon hanging; if I mistooke not at my entrance, there hangs the lower part of a gentlewomans gowne, with a maske and a chin-clout; bring all this way: Nay, but doo't cunningly now, 'tis a friends house, and I'deuse it so: there's a taste for you.

Ant. But prethee what wilt thou doe with a Gentlewomans lower part ?

Fol. Why use it.

Ant. Y'ave answered me indeed in that, I can demand no farder.

Fol. Well said Lieftenant.

Lieft. What will you doe now sir ?

Fol. Come, come ; thou shalt see a woman quickly made up here.

Lieft. But that's against a kind Captaine, for they are alwayes long a making ready.

Fol. And is not most they doe against kind I prethee ? to lye with their Horse-keeper, is not that against kind ? to weare Periwigs made of anothers haire , is not that against kind ? to drinke downe a man, shew that should set him up ; pray is not that monstruously against kind now ? nay over with it Lieftenant, over with it ; ever while you live put a womans cloaths over her head : *Cupid* playes best at blind-man buffe.

Lieft. You shall have your will maintayned , I love mad-trickes as well as you for your heart sir ; but what shift will you make for upper bodies Captaine ?

Fol. I see now thou'rt an Ass, why i'me ready.

Lieft. Ready ?

Fol. Why the Doublet serves as well as the best , and is most in fashion , were all Male tot'h middle , mankind from the Beaver to'th Bum, 'tis an *Amazonian* time, you shall have women shortly tread their husbands ; I should have a couple of Lockes behind, prethee Lieutenant find 'em out for me, and wind 'em about my hatband ; nay, you shall see, wee'le be in fashion to a haire, and become with all probability , the most musty-visage Criticke shall not except against me.

Lieft. Nay ile give thee thy due behind thy backe , thou art as mad a peice of Clay---

Fol. Clay ! dost call thy Captaine Clay ? indeed clay was made

My Masters.

made to stop holes, he sayes true; did not I tell you rascalls you should see a woman quickly made up?

Antient. Ile sweare for't Captaine.

Fol. Come, come; my maske and my chin-clout: come into'th Court.

Lieft. Nay they were both i'th Court long agoe sir.

Fol. Let me see, where I shall chuse two or three for Pimps now? but I cannot chuse amisse amongst you all, that's the best: well, as I am a Queanc, you were best to have a care of mee, and guard mee sure; I give you warning before hand, 'tis a Monkey-tayl'd Age. Life, you shall goe nye to have halfe a dozen blythe fellowes surprize mee cowardly, carry me away with a payre of owers, and put in at putney.

Lieft. We should laugh at that yfaith.

Fol. Or shoote in uppo'th coast of Cue.

Lieft. Two notable fit landing places for Leachers, *P.* and *C.* Putney and Cue.

Fol. Well, say you have faire warning on't; the haire about the Hat is as good as a flag uppo'th pole at a common Play-house to waite company, and a Chin-cloute is of that powerfull attraction I can tell you, 'twill draw more Linnen toot.

Lieft. Feare not us Captaine, there's none heere but can fight for a Whoore as well as some Innes a Court-man?

Fol. Why then set forward; and as you scorne two shillings Brothell, twelve-penny Pandarisme, and such base bribes, Guard mee from bonny Scribes, and bony Scribes, and bony rags.

Lieft. Hang 'em, pensions, and allowances, foure pence halfe penny a meale, hang 'em.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertius.

G 2

Incipit

Incipit Actus Quartus.

*Enter in his Chamber out of his study, Master
Penitent Once-ill, a Booke in his
hand reading.*

Maſt. Pen.

HA? reade that place agen, --- Adultery
Drawes the Divorce 'twixt heaven and the ſoule!
Accurſed man that ſtandſt divors't from heaven,
Thou wretched unthrift, that haſt plaid away
Thy Eternall portion at a minutes game,
To pleaſe the fleſh, haſt blotted out thy name:
Where were thy nobler meditations buſied,
That they durſt truſt this body with it ſelfe?
This naturall drunkard that undoes us all,
And makes our ſhame apparent in our fall.
Then let my blood pay for't, and vexe and boyle,
My ſoule I know would never grieve to'th death,
The Eternall ſpirit that feeds her with his breath:
Nay I that knew the price of life, and ſin,
What Crowne is kept for continence, what for luſt?
The end of man, and glory of that end
As endleſſe as the giver:
To doate on weakenes, ſlime, corruption, woman:
What is ſhe, tooke aſunder from her cloaths?
Being ready, ſhe conſiſts of hundred peeces;
Much like your *German* Clocke, and ne're ally'd
Both are ſo nice, they cannot goe for pride.

Befide

my Masters.

Beside a greater fault, but too well knowne,
They'le strike to ten when they should stop at one;
Within these three daies the next meeting's fixt,
If I meet then, hell and my soule be mixt.
My lodging I know constantly, she not knowes;
Sins hate is the best gift that sin bestowes:
He ne're embrace her more,--never-better witnesse, never.

*Enter the Divell in her shape, claps him on
the shoulder.*

Succubus. What at a stand? the fitter for my company?

M. Pen. Celestiall Souldiers guard me.

Succubus. How now man? Lasse did the quicknes of my
presence fright thee?

M. Pen. Shield me you Ministers of faith and grace.

Succubus. Leave, leave; are you not asham'd to use
such words to a woman?

M. Pen. Thou'rt a Divell.

Suc. A divell? feele, feele man; has a divell flesh and bone?

M. Pen. I doe conjure thee by that dreadfull power ---

Suc. The man has a delight to make me tremble;
Are these the fruits of thy adventurous Love?

Was I entis'd for this? to be soone rejected?

Come, what has chang'd thee so, Delight?

M. Pen. Away.

Suc. Remember.

M. Pen. Leave my sight.

Suc. Have I this meeting wrought with cunning,
Which when I come I finde thee shunning?

Rowze thy amorous thoughts and twine me;

All my interest I resigne thee;

Shall we let slip this mutuall houre,

Comes so seldome in her power?

Where's thy lip, thy clip, thy fadome?

Had women such loves, would't not mad 'em?

Art a man? or dost abuse one?

A Love ! and knowst not how to use one ?

Come ile teach thee.

M. Pen. Doe not follow.

Succabus. Once so firme and now so hollow ?

When was place and season sweeter ?

Thy blisse in sight and dar'st not meete her ?

Where's thy courage, youth, and vigour ?

Loves best pleas'd whent's fear'd with rigour :

Seare me then with veines most cheerefull,

Women love no flesh that's fearefull ;

'Tis but a fit, come drinke't away,

And dance and sing, and kisse and play- Fa le

La, le la, Fa le la, le la la ; Fa le la, fa la le,

La le la.

M. Pen. Torment me not.

Succu. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la loh.

M. Pen. Fury.

Succu. Fa le la, fa le la, fa le la loh.

M. Pen. Divell ! I doe conjure thee once againe,

By that soule-quaking thunder to depart,

And leave this Chamber, free'd from thy dambd Art.

Succu. Stamps-- and *Exit.*

M. Pen. It has prevail'd---Oh my sin-shaking Sinewes !

What should I thinke ? *Iesper,* why *Iesper.*

Iesper. Sir ! how now ? what has disturb'd you sir ?

M. Pen. A fit, a qualme---is mistris *Hargrave* gone ?

Iesper. Who sir ? mistris *Hargrae* ?

M. Pen. Is she gone I say ?

Iesper. Gone ? why she was never here yet.

M. Pen. No !

Iesper. Why no sir.

M. Pen. Art sure on't ?

Iesper. Sure on't ? if I be sure I breath, and am my selfe ?

M. Pen. I like it not ;--- where kepst thou ?

Iesper. I'th next roome sir.

M. Pen. Why she stricke by thee man.

Iesper.

my Masters.

Jesper. Youde make one mad fir, that a Gentlewoman should steale by mee and I not heare her; Sfoote, one may heare the ruffling of their bums almost an houre before we see 'em.

M. Pen. I will be satisfi'd -- altho to hazard,
What though her husband meete me? I am honest,
When mens intents are wicked; their gilt haunts 'em,
But when they're just, they're arm'd, & nothing daunts 'em.

Jesper. What strange humour call you this? he dreames of women, and both his eyes broad open! *Exeunt.*

*Enter at one doore Sir Bounteous, at
another Gum-water.*

Sir Boun. Why how now master Gum-water? what's the newes with your haft?

Gum. I have a thing to tell your Worship ---

Sir Boun. Why prethee tell me, speake man.

Gum. Your Worship shall pardon mee, I have better bringing up then so.

Sir Boun. How fir?

Gum. 'Tis a thing made fit for your Eare fir---

Sir Boun. Oh--o--o---cry you mercy, now I begin to taste you;---is she come?

Gum. Shee's come fir.

Sir Boun. Recover'd, well and sound agen?

Gum. That's to be fear'd fir.

Sir Boun. Why fir?

Gum. She weares a Linnin cloath about her jaw.

Sir Boun. Ha, ha, haw; why that's the fashion you whorson Gum-water.

Gum. The fashion fir? live I so long time to see that a fashion, which rather was an Embleme of dispraise;
It was suspected much in *Mounsfiers* dayes.

Sir Boun. I, I, in those dayes, that was a queasie time; our age is better hardned now, and put oftner in the fire, wee are tryed what wee are: Tut, the Pox is as naturall now,

as

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as an Ague in the Spring time, we seldome Physicke without it : here, take this Key, you know what duties belong too't, goe, - give order for a Cullize, let there be a good fire made in that matted Chamber; doe you heare sir ?

Gum. I know my Office sir.

Exit.

Sir Bown. An old mans venery is very chargeable my masters, there's much cooquery belongs too't. *Exit.*

Enter Gum-water with Folly-wit, in Curtizans disguise, and mask.

Gum. Come Lady, you know where you are now ?

Fol. Yes, good master *Gum-water.*

Gum. This is the old Closet you know.

Fol. I remember it well sir.

Gum. There stands a Casket, I would my yearely revenue were but worth the wealth that's lockt in't Lady; yet I have fifty pound a yeare wench.

Fol. Beside your apparrell sir ?

Gum. Yes faith have I.

Fol. But then you reckon your chaine sir.

Gum. No by my troth doe I not, neither : faith and you consider me rightly sweet Lady, you might admit a choise Gentleman into your service,

Fol. Oh, pray away sir.

Gum. Pusha come, come, you doe but hinder your fortunes yfaith ; I have command of all the house, I can tell you, nothing comes into th' Kitchin, but comes through my hands.

Fol. Pray doe not handle me sir.

Gum. Faith y'are to nice Lady : and as for my secrecy you know I have vow'd it often to you.

Fol. Vow'd it? no, no; you men are fickle. --

Gum. Fickle? --- Sfoote bind me Lady---

Fol. Why I binde you by vertue of this Chaine, to meete mee to morrow at the Flowre-deluce yonder, betwene

my Masters.

tweene nine and ten of the clocke.

Gum. And if I doe not Lady let me lose it, thy love and my best fortunes.

Fol. Why now ile try you, goe too.

Gum. Farewell sweet Lady. *kisses her.* *Exit.*

Fol. Welcome sweet Cockscombe; by my faith a good induction, I perceive by his over-worne phrase, and his action toward the middle region still, there has bin some saucy nibbling motion, and no doubt the cunning queane waited but for her prey; and I thinke 'tis better bellow'd upon mee for his soules health, and his bodies too; ile teach the slave to bee so bold yet, as once to offer to vault in his Masters saddle yfaith: Now Casket, by your leave, I have scene your out-side oft, but that's no prooffe. Some have faire out-sides that are nothing worth: ha--- now by my faith a Gentlewoman of very good parts, Diamond, Rudie, Saphire, *Onix cum prole Silexque*; if I doe not wonder how the queane scapt tempting I i me an *Hermaphrodite*, sure shee could lacke nothing, but the Divell to paynt too't; and I wonder that he should bee missing: well, 'tis better as it is, this is the fruites of old-grunting-venery. Grandfire, you may thanke your Drab for this; oh fie, in your crinckling dayes Grandfire, keepe a Curtizan to hinder your Grandchild, 'tis against Nature yfaith, and I hope you'le be weary on't: Now to my villaines that lurke close below:

Who keeps a Harlot tell him this from me,

He needs nor theefe, disease, nor enemy.

Exit.

Enter Sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. Ah sirrah, me thinkes I feele my selfe well tosted, bumbasted, rub'd and refresht; but yfaith I cannot forget to thinke how soone sicknesse has altered her-- to my taste; I gave her a kisse at bottome o' th staires, and by th' masse me thought her breath had much adoe to be sweet, like a thing

H

compoun-

A mad World

ded me thought of Wine, Beere, and Tobacco; I smelt much Pudding in't.

It may be but my fancy, or her physicke:

For this I know, her health gave such content,

The fault rests in her sickness, or my scent. How dost thou

now sweet girl, what well recover'd? Sicknes quite gone,

ha? speake--ha? wench? *Franke Gulman*, why body of me,

what's here? my Casket wide open, broke open, my jewells

stolne--why *Gum-water*--

Gum. Anon anon sir.

Sir Boun. Come hither *Gum-water*.

Gum. That were small manners 'sir yfaith, ile finde a time anon, your Worship's busie yet.

Sir Boun. Why *Gum-water*?

Gum. Fo, nay then you'le make me blush yfaith sir--

Sir Boun. Where's this Creature?

Gum. What creature ist you'de have sir?

Sir Boun. The worst that ever breathes.

Gum. That's a wild Bore sir.

Sir Boun. That's a wild whore sir;-- where didst thou leave her Rascall?

Gum. Who? your Recreation sir?

Sir Boun. My Execration sir.

Gum. Where I was wont in your worships closet.

Sir Boun. A poxe ingrosse her, it appeares too true, See you this Casket sir.

Gum. My chayne, my chayne, my chayne; my one and onely chayne.

Exit.

Sir Boun. Thou runst to much purpose now *Gum-water*, yee? is not a Queane ynough to answer for,

but she must joyne a theeve too't? a theeving Queane; Nay I have done with her yfaith, 'tis a signe sh'as bin sick alate, for she's a great deale worse then she was; by my troth I would have pawnd my life upon't, did she want any thing? was shhe not supply'd?

Nay and liberally, for that's an old mans sin:

Weele

My Masters.

Weele feast our Lechery, though we starve our kin,
Is not my name *sir Bounteous*, am I not exprest there?
Ah fie, fie, fie; fie, fie, but I perceive
Tho she have never so compleat a friend,
A strumpets love will have a waite i'th end,
And distaste the vessell: I can hardly beare this;
But say I should complaine, perhaps she has pawn'd 'em,
Sfoote the Judges will but laugh at it, and bid her borrow
more money of 'em; make the old fellow pay for's lechery:
that's all the mends I get, I have seene the same Case
tryed at *Newbery* the last Sizes.
Well, things must slip and sleepe, I will dissemble it,
because my credit shall not loose her lustre;
But whilst I live, ile neither love nor trust her.
I ha done, I ha done; I ha done with her yfaith. *Exit.*

Master Penitent Once-ill-knocking within;

Enter a Servus.

Enter Master Penitent.

Servus. Who'se that knocks?

M. Pen. A friend.

Servus. What's your will sir?

M. Pen. Is master *Hargrave* at home?

Servus. No, newly gone from it sir.

M. Pen. Where's the gentlewoman his wife?

Servus. My mistris is within sir.

M. Pen. When came she in I pray?

Servus. Who my mistris? shee was not out these two
dayes to my knowledge.

M. Pen. No? trust mee i'de thought i'de seene her; I
would request a word with her.

Servus. Ile tell her sir.

M. Pen. I thanke you -- it likes me worse and worse --

Enter Mistris Hargrave.

Wife. Why how now sir? 'twas desperately adventur'd,

Joyes. *Hareb.* Thanks above utterance to you; now?
the newes?

Servus. Sir *Bounteous Progresse* sir,
Invites you and my mistris to a feast,
On tuesday next; his man attends without ———

Hareb. Returne both with our willingnesse and
thanks.

I will intreate you sir to be my guest.

M. Pen. Who I sir.

Harg. Faith you shall.

M. Pen. Well, ile breake strife.

Harebraine. A friend's so rare; ile sooner part from life.

Enter Folly-wit, the Curtizan striving from him.

Folly-w. What so coy, so strict? come, come.

Curt. Pray change your opinion sir, I am not for that use.

Folly-w. Will you but heare me?

Curt. I shall heare that I would not. *Exit.*

Folly. Sfoote this is strange, i've seldome seene a wench
stand upon stricter points; life shee will not endure to be
Courtied, does shee e're thinke to prosper? ile ne're beleieve
that Tree can bring forth fruite, that never beares a blos-
some. Courtship a blossome, and often brings forth fruit in
forty weekes: 'Twere a mad part in mee, now to turne
over; if ever there were any hope on't, 'tis at this instant:
shall I bee madder now then ever I have beene? i'me in
the way yfaith.

Mans never at high height of madnesse fall,

Untill he love and prove a womans gull;

I doe protest in earnest I ne're knew,

At which end to begin to affect a woman;

Till this bewitching minute, I ne're saw

Each worth my object; till mine eye met hers, I should
laugh and I were caught yfaith, ile see her agen that's cer-
taine, what e're comes on't: by your favour Ladies.

Enter

my Masters.

Enter the Mother.

Mother. You're welcome sir.

Folly. Know you the yong gentlewoman that went in lately ?

Mo. I have best cause to know her, i'me her mother sir.

Fol. Oh in good time, I like the gentlewoman well, a pretty contriv'd beauty.

Mot. I, nature has done her part sir.

Fol. But she has one uncomely quality.

Mot. What's that sir ?

Fol. Sfoote she's affraid of a man.

Moth. Alasse, impute that to her bashfull spirit, shee's fearefull of her honour.

Fol. Of her honour ? shid i'mesure I cannot get her maiden head with breathing upon her, nor can she loose her honour in her tongue.

Mother. True, and I have often told her so, but what would you have a foolish virgin sir, a wilfull virgin ; I tell you sir, I neede not have beene in that solitary estate that I am, had shee had grace and boldnesse to have put her selfe forward, alwaies timor some, alwaies backward ; ah that same peevish honour of hers, has undone her and mee both good Gentleman : the Suitors, the Jewells, the Joynters that has beene offer'd her, wee had beene made women for ever : but what was her fashion ? she could not indure the sight of a man forsooth, but runne and hole her selfe presently ; so choise of her honour, I am perswaded, when e're she has husband, shee will eene be a president for all married wives, how to direct their actions, and their lives.

Fol. Have you not so much power with her, to command her presence.

Mot. You shall see straight what I can doe sir. *-Exit.*

Fol. Would I might bee hang'd, if my love doe not stretch to her deeper and deeper, those bashfull maiden humours.

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mours take mee prisoner, when there comes a restraint
upon flesh; we are alwaies most greedy uppon't, and that
makes your merchants wife oftentimes pay so deare for a
mouthfull: give me a woman as she was made at first, sim-
ple of her selfe; without Sophistication, like this wench, I
cannot abide them when they have tricks, set speeches, and
Artfull entertainements: you shall have some so impudent-
ly aspected, they will out-cry the forehead of a man, make
him bluth first, and talke him into silence; and this is coun-
ted manly in a woman, it may hold so; sure womanly it
is not: no, Ife're I love, or any thing move me,
 'Twill be a womans simple modesty.

Enter Mother, bringing in strivingly the Curtizan.

Curt. Pray let me goe, why mother what doe you meane?
I beseech you mother? is this your conquest now? great
glory 'tis to overcome a poore and silly Virgin.

Fol. The wonder of our time sits in that brow,
I ne're beheld a perfect man till now.

Mo. Thou childish thing, more bashfull then thou'rt wise:
Why dost thou turne aside, and drowne thine eyes?
Looke fearefull foole, there's no temptation neere thee;
Art not asham'd that any flesh should feare thee?
Why I durst pawne my life the gentleman meanes no other
but honest and pure love to thee: how say you sir?

Fol. By my faith not I Lady.

Mo. Harke you there; what thinke you now forsooth?
what grieves your honour now?

Or what lascivious breath intends to reare
Against that maiden Organ your estate care?
Are you resolv'd now better of mens hearts?
Their faiths and their affections, with you none;
Or at most, few whose tongues aand mindes are one.
Repent you now of your opinion past,
Men love as purely as you can be chaste: to her your selfe sir,
the

my Masters.

The wayes broke before you, you have the easier passage.

Fol. Feare not, come; erect thy happy graces in thy looke: I love no curious wooer, but infaith

I love thee honourably.

Curt. How meane you that sir?

Fol. Sfoot as one loves a woman for a wife.

Mot. Has the gentlemen answered you, tro?

Fol. I doe confesse it truely to you both,
My estate is yet but sickly; but I've a Grandfire
Will make me Lord of thousands at his death.

Mother. I know your Grandfire well; shee knowes him better.

Fol. Why then you know no fiction; my state then will be a long dayes journey 'bove the walt wench.

Mot. My daughter he sayes true.

Fol. And thou shalt often measure it in thy Coach,
And with the wheelles tract make a girdle for't.

Mot. Ah 'twill be a merry journey.

Fol. What ist a match? if't be clap hands and lips.

Mot. 'Tis done, there's witnesse on't.

Fol. Why then mother I salute you.

Mot. Thankes sweete sonne;--Sonne *Folly-wit*, come hither; if I might counsell thee, weele ee'ne take her while the good moodes upon her, send for a Priest, and clap't up within this houre.

Fol. By my troth agreed mother.

Mot. Nor does her wealth consist all in her flesh,
Tho beauty be enough wealth for a woman,
She brings a Dowry of three hundred with her.

Fol. Sfoote that will serue till my Grndfire dyes I warrant you, heele drop away at fall a'th lease, if ever he reach to all Hollandtide ile be hang'd.

Mot. O yes sonne, he's a lusty old gentleman.

Fol. Ah poxe, hee's given to women, he keepes a queane at this present.

Mo. Fye

Folly-

A mad World

Fol. Doe not tell my wife on't.

Mot. That were needlesse yfaith.

Folly-w. Hee mak's a great feast upon the eleventh of this moneth, tuesday next; and you shall see Players there- I have one tricke more to put upon him; my wife and your selfe shall goe thither before as my guests, and prove his entertainment, Ile meete you there at night; the jest will be here; that feast which hee makes, will unknowne to him, serve fitly for our wedding dinner, we shall be royally furnisht, and get some charges by't.

Mot. An excellent course (yfaith) and a thrifty, why Son, me thinke, you begin to thrive before y'are married

Fol. We shall thrive one day wench, and clep enough.
Betweene our hopes there's but a Grandfires puffle. Exit.

Mot. So girle, here was a bird well caught,

Curt. If ever, here: but what for's Grandfire, 'twill scarce please him well.

Mot. Who covets fruite, ne're cares from whence it fell.
Thou'st wedded youth and strength, and wealth will fall:
Last thou'rt made honest.

Curtiz. And that's worth 'em all. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter busily Sir Bounteous Progresse for the feast.

Sir Bonn.

HAve a care blew-coates; bestir your selfe Master Gum-
water, cast an eye intoth' Kitchin, o're-looke the
knaves a little, every Jack has his friend to day; this cozen,
and that cozen puts in for a dish of meate, a man knowes
not

not till he make a feast how many varlets he feeds, acquaintances swarme in every corner, like flies at *Bartholmewride* that come up with Drovers. Sfoot I thinkē they sinell my Kitchin seaven mile about; master *Shortrod* and his sweete bed-fallow, y'are very copiously welcōme.

Hareb. Sir, here's an especiall deare friend of ours, wee were bold to make his way to your Table.

Sir Boun. Thankes for that boldnesse ever, good Master *Shortrod*, is this your friend sir?

Hareb. Both my wifes friend and mine sir.

Sir Boun. Why then compendiously sir, --y'are welcome.

M. Pen. In Octavo I thanke you sir.

Sir Bo. Excellently retorted yfaith, he's welcome for's wit: I have my sorts of salutes, and know how to place 'em Courtly; walke in sweet gentlemen, walke in; there's a good fire i'th Hall, you shall have my sweet company instantly.

Hareb. I good *Sir Bounteous.*

Enter Semus.

Sir Boun. You shall indeed gentlemen; how now, what newes brings thee in stumbling now?

Semus. There are certaine Players come to Towne sir, and desire to enterlude before your Worship.

Sir Boun. Players? by the masse they are welcome, they'le grace my entertainment well; but for certain Players there thou lye'st boy; they were never more uncertaine in their lives: now up, and now downe; they know not when to play, where to play, nor what to play: not when to play for fearefull fooles, where to play for Puritane fooles; nor what to play for critticall fooles: --goe call 'em in, --how fitly the whoisōns come upo'th feast, troth I was ce'n wishing for 'em, --oh welcome, welcome my friends.

Fol. The moneth of *May* delights not in her flowers, More then we joy in that sweet sight of yours.

Sir Boun. Well acted a my credit, I perceiv hee's your best Actor.

Sem. He has greatest share sir; and may live of himsef sir.

Sir Boun. What what? put on your hat sir, pray goe on, goe

too, wealth must be respected, let those that have least feathers stand bare; and whose men are you I pray? may keepe on your hat still.

Folly-w. We serve my Lord *Owemuch* sir.

Sir Boun. My L. *Owemuch*, by my troth the welcom'st men alive; giue me all your hands at once, that honourable gentleman, he lay at my house in a robbery once, and tooke all quietly, went away cheerefully. I made a very good feast for him; I never saw a man of honour beare things bravelier away: serve my Lord *Owemuch*? welcome yfaith: some Bastard for my Lords Players,-- where be your boyes?

Fol. They come along with the Waggon sir.

Sir Boun. Good, good, and which is your Polititian amongst you? now yfaith hee that workes out Restraints, makes best legs at Court, and has a suite made of purpose, for the companies businesse, which is hee, come, bee not afraid of him.

Fol. I am he sir.

Sir Boun. Art thou he? give me thy hand, harke in thine eare, thou rowlest too fast to gather so much mosse as thy fellow there; champe upon that, ah; and what play shall we have my masters?

Fol. A pleasant witty Comedy sir.

Sir Boun. I, I, I, a comedy in any case, that I and my guests may laugh a little, what's the name on't?

Fol. 'Tis cald the Slip.

Sir Boun. The Slip? By my troth a pretty name, and a glib one: goe all and slip in'toot, as fast as you can cover a Table for the Players. First take heed of a Lurcher, he cuts deepe; he will cate up all from you. Some Sherrey for my Lords Players there sirrah; why this will be a true feast, a right Miter supper, a play and all; more lights-- I cald for light, here come in two are light enough for a whole house yfaith. Darc the theefe looke me i'th face? O impudent times! goe too, dissemble it.

Enter Mother and Curtizan.

Mot. Blessé you sir *Bounteous*.

Sir Boun.

Sir Boun. O welcome, welcome ; Theefe, Queane , and Bawd ; welcome all three.

Mot. Nay here's but two on's fir.

Sir Boun. A my troth, I tooke her for a couple, I 'de have sworne there had bin two faces there.

Mot. Not all under one hood fir.

Sir Boun. Yes faith would I, to see mine eyes beare double.

Mot. Ile make it hold fir, my daughter is a couple,
Shee was married yesterday. *Sir Boun.* Buz.

Mot. Nay to no buzzard neither; a right Hauke
When e're you know him.

Sir Boun. Away, he cannot bee but a Rascall ; walke in walke in bold guests; that come unseat for--post, I perceiue how my Jewells went now to grace her marriage.

Curtiz. Would you with me fir ?

Sir Boun. Ey, how hapt it wench; you put the slip upon me, Not three nights since ? I name it gently to you ;
I tearme it neither Pilpher, Cheat, nor Sharke.

Curtiz. Y'are past my reach.

Sir Boun. I'me old and past your reach, very good; but you will not deny this I trust.

Curt. With a safe conscience, fir.

Sir Boun. Yee? give me thy hand , fare thee well ; I have done with her.

Curt. Give mee your hand, fir; you ne're yet begun with mee. *Exit.*

Sir Boun. Whew, whew ; O audacious age,
She denies me and all, when on her fingers,
I spy'd the Ruby sit, that does betray her ;
And blushes for her fact, well there's a time for't :
For all's too little now for entertainement.
Feast, mirth, I harmony, and the play to boote.

A joviall Season. How now, are you ready *Enter Folly-wit.*

Fol. Even upon readinesse fir.

Sir Boun. Keepe you your hat on.

Takes it off.

Fol. I have a suite to your worship.

Sir Boun. Oh cry you mercy, then you must stand bare.

Fol. We could doe all to the life of action sir, both for the credit of your worships house & the grace of our Comedy.

Sir Boun. Cuds me, what else sir?

Fol. And for some defects (as the custome is) we would be bold to require your worships assistance.

Sir Boun. Why with all my heart, what ist you want? speake.

Fol. On's a chaine for a Justices hat sir.

Sir Boun. Why here, here, here; here whoreson, will this seive your turne?

Fol. Excellent well sir.

Sir Boun. What else lacke you?

Fol. We should use a Ring with a stone in't.

Sir Boun. Nay whoope, I have given too many rings already, talke no more of rings I pray you; here, here, here; make this jewell serve for once.

Fol. Oh this will serve sir.

Sir Boun. What have you all now?

Fol. All now sir---onely time is brought i'th middle of the play, and I would desire your worships watch time.

Sir Boun. My Watch, with all my heart, onely give time a charge that he be not fidling with it.

Fol. You shall ne're see that sir.

Sir Boun. Well now you are furnisht sir, make haste away.

Fol. E'ne as fast as I can sir, -ile set my fellowes going first, they must have time and leasure, or they'le dull else.

Ile stay and speake a Prologue, yet o're take 'em; I cannot have conscience yfaith to goe away and ne're a word to 'em: my Grandfire has given me three shares here, sure ile doe something for 'em.

Exit.

Enter Sir Bounteous and all the Guests.

Sir Boun. More lights, more stooles, sit, sit, the play begins.

Short. Have you players here *Sir Bounteous*?

Sir Boun. We have 'im for you sir, five nimble Comedians, proper Actors most of them.

M. Pen. Whose men I pray you sir?

Sir Boun. Oh there's their credit sir they serve an honourable

my Masters.

able popular Gentleman, eclipsed my Lord *Owa-much*.

Short. My Lord *Owa-much*? he was in *Ireland* lately.

Sir Bonn. O you ne're know any of the name but were great Travellers.

Short. How is the Comedy cald, *Sir Bounteous*?

Sir Bonn. Marry sir the Slip.

Short. The Slip?

Sir Bonn. I, and here the Prologue begins to slip in upon's.

Short. 'Tis so indeed *Sir Bounteous*.

Enter for a Prologue Folly-wit.

Prologue.

Fol. We sing of wandring Knights, what them betide,
Who nor in one place, nor one shape abide :

They're here now, and anon no scouts can reach'em,
Being every man well horst like a bold Beacham.

The play which we present, no fault shall meete
But one, you'le say 'tis short, wee'le say 'tis sweete :

'Tis given much to dumbe shewes, which some praise,
And like the Terme delights much in delayes :

So to conclude, and give the name her due,

The play being cald the Slip, I vanish too.

Exit.

Sir Bonn. Excellently well acted, and a nimble conceit.

Short. The Prologues pretty yfaith.

M. Pen. And went off well.

Sir Bonn. I that's the grace of all, when they goe away well, ah, hah!

Curt. A my troth and I were not married, I could finde in my heart to fall in love with that Player now, and send for him to a supper : I know some i'th Towne that have done as much, and there tooke such a good conceite of their parts intoth' two-penny roome, that the Actors have bin found i'th morning in a lesse compasse then their Stage, tho'twere ne're so full of gentlemen.

Sir Bonn. But, passion of me, where be these knaves, will they

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they not come away? me thinkes they stay very long.

M. Pen. Oh you must beare a little sir, they have many shifts to run into.

Sir Boun. Shifts call you 'em, they're horrible long things.

Fol. A pox of such fortune, the plots betray'd :

Folly-wit returns in a fury.

All will come out, yonder they come taken upon suspicion, and brought backe by a Constable. I was accurst to hold society with such Cockscombs, what's to be done? I shall be sham'd for ever; my wife here and ah pox -- by light happily thought upon, the chaine; invention sticke to mee this once, and faile me ever hereafter : so, so. ---

Sir Boun. Life I say, where be these Players? oh are you come? troth it's time, I was ee'ne sending for you.

Short. How moodily he walkes, what playes he tro?

Sir Boun. A Justice upon my credie, I know by the chaine there. *Folly-w.* Unfortunate Justice.

Sir Boun. Ah---a---a

Fol. In thy kin unfortunate,
Here comes thy Nephew now upon suspicion, (him,
Brought by a Constable before thee, his vild associats with
But so disguis'd, none knowes him but my selfe :
Twice have I set him free from Officers fangs,
And for his sake, his fellowes: looke too't.
My conscience will permit but one winke more.

Sir Boun. Yee, shall we take Justice winking.

Fol. For this time I have bethought a meanes to work thy freedome, tho hazarding my selfe; should the Law ceaze him, Being kin to me, 'twould blemish much my name, No; I'de rather leane to danger, than to shame.

Enter Constable with them.

Sir Boun. A very expleate Justice.

Con. Thanke you good neighbours, let me alone with 'em

Lieft. Stooote whose yonder? (now.

Ant. Dare he sit there?

2. *Folly-wit.* 3. *Captaine--puh--*

Folly.

my Masters.

Folly. How now Constable, what newes with thee?

Con. May it please your Worship sir,-- here are a company of auspicious fellows.

Sir Boun. To me? puh - turne to'th Justice you whorson Hobby-horse, this is some new player now, they put all their fooles to the Constables part still.

Fol. What's the matter Constable, what's the matter?

Con. I have nothing to say to your worship--they were all riding a horseback ant please your worship.

Sir Boun. Yet agen; a pox of all Asses still, they could not ride a foot unlesse 'twere in a bawdy-house.

Con. The Ostiler told me they were all unstable fellows sir.

Fol. Why sure the fellow's drunke.

Lieft. We spide that weaknesse in him long agoe sir, your worship must beare with him, the man's much o're-scene, onely in respect of his Office wee obey'd him, both to appeare conformable to Law, and cleare of all offence: for I protest sir, he found us but a horsebacke.

Folly. What he did?

Lieft. As I have a soule, that's all; and all he can lay to us.

Con. Yfaith, you were not all riding away then.

Lieft. Sfoot, being a horsebacke sir, that must needs follow

Fol. Why true sir.

Sir Boun. Well said Justice, he helps his kinsmen well.

Fol. Why sirra, doe you use to bring Gentlemen before us for riding away, what will you have 'em stand still when they're up, like Smug upo'th white horse yonder? are your wits steep? ile make you an excellent example for all dizzy Constables, how they abuse justice; here bind him to this Chaire.

Con. Ha, bind him hoe?

Fol. If you want cords, use garters.

Con. Helpe, helpe, Gentlemen.

Lieft. As fast as we can sir.

Con. Theeves, theeves.

Fol. A gag will helpe all this, keepe lesse noise you knave.

Con. Oh helpe, rescue the Constable---oh, O.

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Sir Boun. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

They gag him.

Fol. Why la you, who lets you now?

You may ride quietly, ile see you to,

Take horse my selfe; I have nothing else to doe.

Exit.

Constable. Oh, --- oh -- oh --

Sir Boun. Ha, ha, ha; by my troth the maddest peece of Justice gentlemen, that ever was committed.

Short R. Ile be sworne for the madnesse on't sir.

Sir Boun. I am deceiv'd, if this prove not a merry Comedy and a witty.

M. Pen. Alasse poore Constable, his mouth's open, and ne're a wise word.

Sir Boun. Faith he speakes now e ne as many as hee has done, he seemes wisest when he gapes and sayes nothing, ha, ha; -- hee turnes, and tells his tale to me like an Ass'e, what have I to doe with their riding away? they may ride for me, thou whorson Cockscombe thou; nay thou art well ynough setv'd yfaith.

M. Pen. But what followes all this while sir, me thinkes some should passe by before this time, & pittie the Constable.

Sir Boun. Byth' masse and you say true sir -- goe sirrah, step in, I thinke they have forgot themselves, call the knaves away; they're in a wood I beleeve.

Con. I, I, I.

Sir Boun. Harke, the Constable sayes I, they're in a wood: -- ha, ha.

Gum. He thinkes long of the time *Sir Bouateous*.

Sir Boun. How now, when come they?

Serv. Alasse, an't please your worship, there's not one of them to be found sir.

Sir Boun. How?

Short R. What sayes the fellow?

Serv. Neither horse nor man sir.

Sir Boun. Body of me thoulyest.

Serv. Not a haire of either sir.

Short R. How now sir *Bounteous*?

Sir Boun.

My Masters.

Sir Bonn. Cheated and defeated, ungag that rascall, ile hang him for's fellowes; ile make him bring 'em out.

Con. Did not I tell your worship this before, brought em before you for suspected persons, I taid 'em at Townes end upon warning given, made signes that my very jaw bone akes, your worship would not heare me, cald me Assc, saving your worships presence laught at me.

Sir Bonn. Ha?

Short. I begin to taste it.

Sir Bonn. Give me leave, give me leave; why art not thou the Constable i'th Comedy?

Con. I'th Comedy? why I am the Constable i'th common wealth sir.

Sir Bo. I am guld yfaith, I am guld; when wast thou chose?

Con. On thursday last sir.

Sir Bonn. A poxe goe with't, there t goes.

M. Pen. I seldome heard a jest match it.

Short. Nor I yfaith.

Sir Bonn. Gentlemen I shall intreate a curtesie?

Short. What ist sir?

Sir Bo. Doe not laugh at me seven yeare hence.

M. Pen. We should betray and laugh at our owne folly then, for of my troth none here but was deceiv'd in't.

Sir Bo. Faith that's some comfort yet, ha, ha; it was featly carried, troth I commend their wits; before our faces, make us Asses while we sit still, & onely laugh at our selves.

M. Pen. Faith they were some counterfeite rogues sir.

Sir Bo. Why they confesse as much them selves, they said theyd play the slip; they shold be men of their words, I hope the Justice will have more conscience yfaith, then to carry away a chaine of a hundred marke of that fashion.

Short. What sir?

Sir Bo. I by my troth sir, besides a jewell, and a jewells fellow; a good faire Watch that hung about my neck sir.

Short. Sfoote what did you meane sir?

Sir Bo. Me thinkes my Lord *Owe-muches* players should

A mad World

not scorne me so yfaith, they will come and bring all agen I know, push they will yfaith, but a jest certainly.

Enter Folly-wit in his owne shape, and all the rest.

Folly. Pray Grandfire give me your blessing?

Sir Boun. Who? Sonne *Folly-wit*?

Fol. This shewes like kneeling after the play, I praying for my Lord *Owe-much* and his good Countesse, our honourable Lady and Mistris.

Sir Boun. Rise richer by a blessing, thou art welcome.

Fol. Thankes good Grandfire, I was bold to bring those gentlemen my friends.

Sir Boun. They're all welcome, salute you that side, and ile welcome this side. Sir to begin with you.

Short. Master *Folly-wit*.

Fol. I am glad 'tis our fortune so happily to meete sir.

Sir Boun. Nay then you know me not sir.

Fol. Sweet Mistris *Harebraine*.

Sir Boun. You cannot be too bold sir.

Fol. Our marriage knowne?

Curt. Not a word yet.

Fol. The better.

Sir Boun. Faith Son would you had come sooner with these Gentlemen.

Fol. Why Grandfire?

Sir Boun. We had a play heere.

Fol. A play sir, no.

Sir Boun. Yes faith, a poxe a'th Author.

Fol. Blesse us all, why were they such vild ones sir?

Sir Boun. I am sure villanous ones sir.

Fol. Some raw simple fooles.

Sir Boun. Nay bith' masse these were enough for thee vish knaves

Fol. What sir?

Sir Boun. Which way came you gentlemen? you could not chuse but meete 'em.

Fol. We met a company with Hampers after 'em.

Sir Boun. Oh those were they, those were they; a poxe hamper them.

Fol.

my Masters.

Fol. Blessè us all agen.

Sir Boun. They have hamperd me finely sirrah.

Fol. How sir.

Sir Boun. How sir, I lent the rascalls properties to furni h
out their play: a chaine, a jewell, and a watch, & they watch
their time, and ride quite away with 'em.

Fol. Are they such creatures?

Sir Boun. Harke, harke gentlemen; by this light the
watch rings alarum in his pocket, there's my watch come
agen, or the very cozen German toot; whose ist? whose ist?
by'th masse 'tis he, hast thou one son? prethee bestow it up-
pon thy Grandfire, I now looke for mine agen yfaith: nay
come with a good will or else not at all, ile give thee a bet-
ter thing, a peece, a peece gentlemen.

Short. Great or small.

Sir Boun. At once I have drawne chaine, jewels watch & all.

M. Pen. By my faith you have a fortunate hand sir.

Short. Nay all to come at once.

Leifr. A vengeance on this foolery.

Fol. Have I scapt the Constable to bee brought in by the
Watch?

Curt. O destiny, have I married a Theefe mother?

Mot. Comfort thy selfe, thou art before hand with
him daughter.

Sir Boun. Why son, why gentlemen, how long have you
bin my Lord *Owe-mach* his servants ifaith?

Fol. Faith Grandfire, I shall be true to you?

Sir Boun. I thinke 'tis time, thoust bin a theeefe already.

Fol. I knowing the day of your feast, & the naturall incli-
nation you have to pleasure and pastime, presum'd upon your
patience for a jest, as well to prolong your daies as ---

Sir Boun. Whoop, why then you tooke my chaine along
with you to prolong my daies did you?

Fol. Not so neither sir, & that you may be seriously assured of
my hereafter stableness of life, I have tooke another course.

Sir Boun. What?

Fol. Tooke a wife.

A mad World

Sir Boun. A wife? Sfoot, what is she for a foole would mar-
thee a madman? when was the wedding kept in Bedlam?

Fol. She's both a gentlewoman and a virgin.

Sir Boun. Stop there, stop there; would I might see her?

Fol. You have your wish, she's here.

Sir Boun. Ah, ha, ha, ha; this makes amends for all.

Fol. How now?

Lieft. Captaine doe you heare? is she your wife in earnest?

Fol. How then?

Lieft. Nothing but pittie you sir.

Sir Boun. Speake sonne, ist true?

Can you gull us, and let a queane gull you.

Folly. Ha.

Courti. What I have bin is past, be that forgiven;
And have a soule true both to thee and heaven.

Fol. Ist come about, trickes are repaid I see.

Sir Boun. The best is sirrah you pledge none but me;
And since I drinke the top, take her and harke:
I spice the bottome with a thousand marke.

Fol. By my troth, shee is as good a cup of Nectar, as any
Batchelor needes to sip at,

Tut give me gold, it makes amends for vice,
Maides without Coyne are Caudles without spice.

Sir Boun. Come gentlemen toth feast, let not time waste;
We have pleas'd our eare, now let us please our taste:
Who lives by cunning marke it, his fates cast,
When he has guld all, then is himselfe the last.

Exeunt.

*The end of the fifth and last Act: marching over
the Stage hand in hand.*

my Masters.



The Catch for the Fifth Act, sung
by Sir Bounteous Progresse
to his Guests.

O For a Bowle of fat Canary,
Rich Aristippus, sparkeling Sherry;
Some Nectar else, from Juno's Dairy:
O these draughts would make us merry.

O for a wench, I deale in faces,
(And in other daintier things ;)
Tickled am I with her imbraces,
Fine dancing in such Fairy rings.

O for a plumpe fat Leg of Mutton,
Veale, Lambe, Capon, Pig, and Cony:
None is happy but a Glutton,
None an Asse, but who wants money.

Wines indeed and Girles are good,
But brave vittuals feast the blood;
For Wenches, Wine, and lusty cheere,
Jove would come downe to surfeit here.

FINIS.

THE GAZETTE OF THE
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

Part II
Section 3

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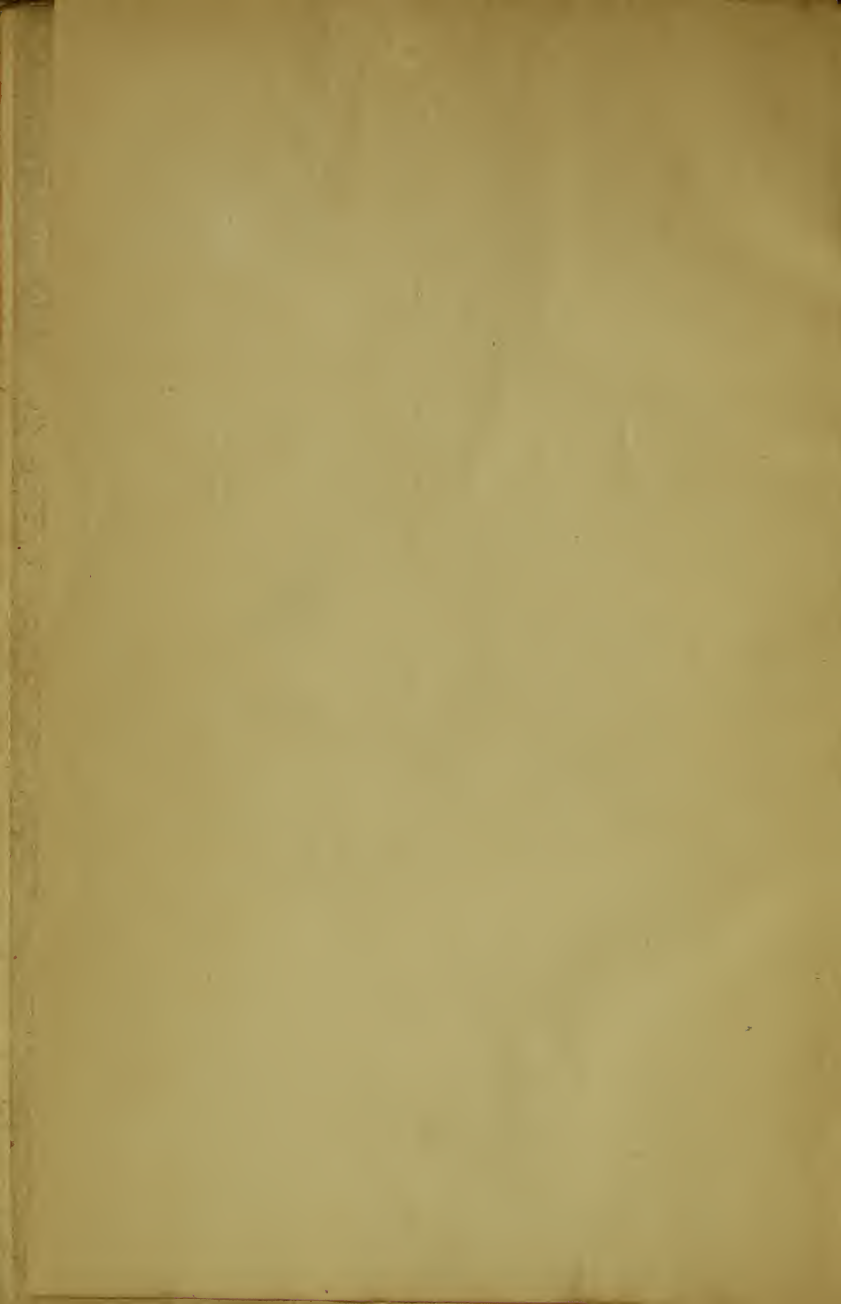


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